

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1205.

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUMEY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 25s. or 10s. per year. To other Countries, the postage is additional.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.
ENGINEERING SCHOOL.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Board will proceed, on the 18th of January, 1851, to Elect a PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY.
Applications from Candidates, with a statement of their claims, should be sent in on or before the 1st of the said month to the Registrar.
Fellowship may be made from the Registrar, or Senior Lecturer, as to the duties, emoluments, and duration of the appointment.
Nov. 14, 1850. **ROHARD MACDONNELL, D.D., Registrar.**

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.
DONELLAN LECTURE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Board will, on the 1st of December next, proceed to the Election of the DONELLAN LECTURER for 1851.
Applications from Candidates, with a statement of their claims, should be sent before that day to the Registrar.
Each Candidate is required to send in with his application a statement of the subject which he proposes for his Course of Sermon.
None but Fellows, Ex-Fellows, Bachelors of Divinity, or Doctors of Divinity of this University are entitled to be Candidates.
Nov. 14, 1850. **ROHARD MACDONNELL, D.D., Registrar.**

CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
SCHOOL, 35, KENNINGTON-LANE, LONDON.
THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT under the Direction of J. C. HESBIT, F.R.S., F.G.S., one of the Principals.
Instructions are given in all those branches of Chemistry which relate to the Cultivation of the Soil, and the making of ARTIFICIAL MANURES. Mineral analysis taught in all its branches. Analyses performed as usual, on moderate terms.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—KING'S
SCHOLARSHIPS. THE EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES for the TWO KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS, one Male and one Female, annually vacated at Christmas, will take place at the Academy, on Friday, the 20th December next. Candidates, whose age must not be under Twenty, nor exceeding Eighteen years, will send in their Names and Addresses to the Secretary, at the Academy, accompanied by the recommendation of a Subscriber to the Institution, on or before Friday, the 13th December. The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the Candidate being allowed to compete for a Scholarship.
By order of the Committee, **J. GIMSON, Sec.**
4, Tottenham-street, Hanover-square.

PREPARATION FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS.—MOUNT PLEASANT SCHOOL, SUNBURY.
EDUCATION, conducted by Mr. UNDERWOOD.—The course of instruction pursued at this Establishment aims at insuring for the Pupil sound and extensive classical knowledge, combined with acquaintance with the French and German Languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, &c., which has become essential to a liberal education. Inclusive terms, from 50 to 60 Guineas, according to the age of the Pupil. Reference can be given to parents of Pupils who have distinguished themselves at Public Schools. Mount Pleasant House is surrounded by its own grounds, nearly 14 acres in extent.

THE MISSES THOMPSON receive TWELVE
YOUNG LADIES to educate at their residence, 25, EAST-BURNE-TERRACE, HYDE-PARK, and they will be happy to fill up TWO or THREE VACANCIES. The system of education is liberal, the Masters are the highest, and the highest instruction in every branch is first-rate. Particular attention is given to the formation of habits and manners; and while a due regard is paid to the higher studies which form the ornamental part of the education of a lady, the cultivation of the mind and the more solid branches of study receive a just and full attention. A French lady resides in the house, and the Classes in French Literature and Composition are taken by the Rev. W. C. Dugan, Pasteur of the French Church in London. The ladies engaged in tuition have obtained certificates from Queens College. The highest references will be given to the parents of the pupils. Prospectuses will be forwarded on application.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.—A MARRIED
CLERGYMAN, residing on the South Coast, receives a limited number of Boys, either to educate entirely, or to prepare for a Public School. There are Vacancies for Three at Christmas.—Terms: Under 10 years of age Fifty guineas; under 14, Sixty guineas.—References: to the Hon. and Right Rev. M. M. M. M. O'Connell, &c.; the Rev. J. Carson, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; the Rev. J. Boyd, LL.D., of the Edinburgh High School; and others.—Address: Rev. R. N., care of Mr. Legg, 102, High-street, Portsmouth. Prospectuses may be had on application.

DIORAMA OF THE HOLY LAND.—The Proprietors of the PANORAMA of the Nile beg to announce that they will shortly submit to the Public a magnificent and gigantic moving DIORAMA of SYRIA and PALESTINE. It has been for some time in preparation, and is now nearly completed. Having a direct reference to Scripture History, it will faithfully illustrate the various scenes of Holy Writ, but will also embrace much that owes its interest to modern events and recent history. The effects will be novel and imposing; the route taken one which presents the most striking and sublime scenery. It will possess the pleasing feature of fidelity, being wholly from original sketches.

THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL, for the
TREATMENT OF PATIENTS on the HOMOEOPATHIC
PRINCIPLE, No. 30, Bloomsbury-square. Supported by Voluntary Contributions.
President.—**DR. ROBERT GROSVENOR, M.P.**
Treasurer.—**WILLIAM LEAF, Esq.**, 30, Old Church-lane.
The Hospital is NOW OPEN for the reception of the necessitous Poor suffering from Acute Disease. Gratuitous Advice is given to the same class of persons, as Out-Patients. The Medical Officers of the Dispensary attend daily, from 10 to 12 o'clock. Hours of admission for Out-Patients, from half-past 7 to 9; for In-Patients, from 10 to 12 o'clock in the morning. Donations and Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, by the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Drummond & Co. Chancery-cross, and Glyn & Co. Grenham-street, Bankers, or at the Hospital.
West, **WILLIAM WARNE,**
1st Nov. 1850. Hon. Sec.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE EDWARD HOLLEST, of Frimley, Surrey.

An earnest appeal to public benevolence is respectfully submitted by a few friends and neighbours on behalf of the Widow of the late Rev. GEORGE EDWARD HOLLEST, who for a period of eighteen years in an exemplary manner performed the duties of his Church and was distinguished by his benevolence and charity in the wide district under his charge.
The act of atrocity by which the Rev. Mr. Hollest was suddenly cut off is universally known, but those only who are acquainted with his position are aware that he never had the means of making a provision for his Widow. Under such circumstances, it is hoped that the case of Mrs. Hollest will commend itself to the generous consideration of those who are blessed with the means of alleviating, so far as human sympathy and assistance can alleviate, the distress of a family so fearfully bereft of its natural supporter. The income of Mrs. Hollest does not exceed 400 per annum, and subscriptions are earnestly solicited in aid of these inadequate means.
Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the following Bankers:—
Messrs. Herries, Farquhar & Co. [Sir S. Scott, Bart. & Co. 1, Cavendish-square.
— Williams, Deacon & Co. Barclay, Bevan & Co.
— Barclay, Bevan & Co. Messrs. Mangles Brothers, Guild-
— Coutts & Co. Street, London.
— Smith, Payne & Co. — Stephens & Blandy, Reading.

Also, by the following Members of the Committee:—
— R. Hayley, Esq. M.P., 10, Pall Mall.
— J. F. Burrell, Esq. Manor House, Frimley.
— Rev. J. H. Clayton, Farnborough, Bagshot.
— Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart. Farnborough-place, Bagshot.
— Rev. John Lawrell, Esq. Farnborough Hill, Bagshot.
— Thomas Longman, Esq. Farnborough Hill, Bagshot.
— Capt. Charles Edward Mangles, Poyle-park, Farnham, Surrey.
The Committee have the satisfaction to state that Her Majesty the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Winchester, have sanctioned their exertions by very liberal donations.
A List of the Subscriptions will appear in a future Advertisement.

M. LLE. COULON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, her Friends, and Pupils that she continues giving INSTRUCTION on the PIANO-FORTE, at her own residence, at 48, Great Marlborough-street.

TO GENTLEMEN ABOUT TO PUBLISH.
— HOPE & CO., Publishers, 16, Great Marlborough-street, London, under the name of PHILIPINE and FREDERICK BOOKS, Pamphlets, and Periodicals greatly under the usual charges. The Works are got up in the best style, and tastefully and economically bound. Every attention is also paid to the Publishing Department. A specimen Pamphlet of Bookwork—a complete Author's Guide—sent post free for 4d. Gentlemen will save nearly one-half by employing Hope & Co.

TO INVALIDS.—A married Medical Man, of established reputation, practising in a good town on the South Coast, having a large residence, and in need for the requirements of his family, is willing to receive an INVALID INMATE, or two friends desiring a sea-side residence.—References of the first character will be given and required.—Apply to R. R., care of R. R. Gantons, Esq., 24, Bucklersbury, London.

TO BOOKSELLERS, PRINTERS, &c.—FOR
DISPOSAL, an OLD ESTABLISHED CONCERN of the above Description, situated in a Central Market Town, with first-rate Neighbourhood. Address F. L. S., Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE & SOX, 5, Paternoster-row.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS, &c. WANTED.—Large or small COLLECTIONS of BOOKS in the various Classes of Divinity, History, Classics, Topography, Books of Prints, Ancient and Modern Engravings, Drawings, &c. purchased at any amount for immediate cash. Country Countries promptly attended to, free of charge, within 5 miles. Apply to PHILLIPS & SOX, Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, and Spring-street, Hyde Park.

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At age 41, a policy for 1000, sharing of course in the profits, may be thus secured for a payment of 1257 5s. 6d.
Assurance of from 500 to 5000 may be effected according to this system.

Details of single payments at each age, and every information, will be forwarded free, on application at the Head Office in Edinburgh; or at the Office in London, 15, Moorgate-street.
GEORGE GRANT, Secretary.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.—TESTIMONIAL
To Dr. CONOLLY.—Subscribers' Names and Subscriptions received by the Secretaries, at 15, Old Burlington-street. Post-office orders should be made payable at the Post-office, Finsbury, to one of the Secretaries.

JOHN FORBES, M.D.,
RICHAED FRANKLIN, Esq., Secretaries.
THE PEACE SOCIETY.—COURSE OF LECTURES.—The Second of the above Course of Lectures will be delivered at the HALL OF COMMERCE, Threadneedle-street, on Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3, 1850. By the Rev. HENRY RICHARD, Secretary of the Peace Society.—Subject: The Disastrous Influence of Standing Armies on the Finances of States and the Morality and Liberty of Nations.—To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.—Admission free.

SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE
SHOW, and EXHIBITION OF IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS, ROOTS, &c. commences TUESDAY MORNING and closes FRIDAY EVENING, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th December.—Bazaar, King-street, Portman-square.
The arrangements this year are upon a more extended scale, and marked by the usual attention to the comfort of Visitors, thereby enabling Ladies to visit this National Exhibition with facility.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOL OF DESIGN.
A Series of Eighty-four Plates, Fac-similes of Drawings made from the paintings of the most eminent Masters of the School of YOUNG TITIAN, Esq. Original impressions, on large paper, uncut, 6 guineas (published at 15 guineas); small paper, 4 guineas.—and the FLORENTINE SCHOOL, with the works of the same age paper, at 14s. 6d. By the same Artist, JAMES BAKER, 13, Throhmorton-street. The late Sir Thomas Lawrence purchased the *Blue Book* for 5000 guineas.

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MARSHALL'S LIBRARY, a few doors from HYDE PARK.—This Library has placed at the disposal of its Subscribers an unlimited number of New Books. Every second book is returned in succession for One Guinea, and every third Subscriptions, Two to Six guineas; Book Societies, Six to Twenty Guineas. For Prospectus apply to W. MARSHALL, 21, Edgeware-road.—Strickland's Queens of Scotland, Letitia Arnold, Nathalia, Edward Grant, Heads of Houses of Great Britain, are now ready. A post-office order will insure an immediate supply.

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DECORATIVE PAINTING.—MR. FREDERICK SANG, FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Decorative Artist in Fresco, and all other manners of Painting, whose works may be seen in the principal Public Buildings, begs to inform his Patrons that he has considerably increased his Establishment, and is now enabled to undertake, on the shortest notice, the execution of Private and Public Buildings, in any part of the United Kingdom, on the most reasonable terms, and in any of the CLASSICAL, MEDIEVAL, or MODERN STYLES.—Apply to F. SANG, Decorative Artist, 28, Pall Mall, London.

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His Grace the DUKE OF BUCKLEIGH, K.G.
Principal—The Rev. M. C. W. E. M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The object of this Institution is to combine General Education, Collegiate Discipline for Resident Students, Special Instruction in Science and its Practical Applications in the Civil and Military Professions, and Preparation for the Universities.

The charges are as follows—
For General Education, including Religious Instruction, Classics, Mathematics, the English, French, and German Languages, History, Geography, &c., Board, Lodging and Laundry Expenses, 50 Guineas per Annum.

In addition to this, Students may attend the following Courses—

In the Civil Department	Chemistry and Physics.....	Dr. E. Frankland.
	Mineralogy and Geology.....	Professor Ansted, F.R.S.
	Metallurgy.....	Dr. Frankland.
	Surveying, Field Engineering and Nautical Astronomy.....	C. Hodgkinson, Esq.
In the Military Department	Civil Engineering and Architecture.....	S. Clegg, jun. Esq.
	Machinery.....	W. Bliss, Esq.
	Military Science.....	Captain Griffiths, R.F.P.
	Royal Artillery.....	H. Fradelle, Esq.
In the University Department	Hinduani.....	F. Falconer, Esq.
	Sword Exercise and Fencing.....	Messrs. Angelo.
	Divinity, Special Course.....	The Rev. M. Cowie, M.A.
	Mathematics, ditto.....	The Rev. W. G. Watson, M.A. Vice-Principal.
	Classics, ditto.....	H. M. Jeffery, Esq. B.A. Assistant Tutor.

The fees for the additional courses in these three departments are so arranged that the cost of education, board, &c. need not exceed 100 guineas per annum.

Prospectuses may be had at Mr. Dalton's, 28, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s, Cornhill; or any information can be obtained by application to the Principal, at the College.

UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING OFFICES.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted in all the London and Country Newspapers, and every Paper published in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, America, and the whole Continent of Europe, and the Papers supplied at WILLIAM THOMAS'S Universal Advertising and Newspaper Offices, 19 to 21, Catherine-street, Strand. Private correspondence, and commercial and legal documents translated in all languages.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON.

The Managers of this Society beg to inform the Proprietors and Policy Holders that a BONUS will be declared to the Policy Holders in January next, and at the same time an extra Dividend will be paid to the Proprietors with the ordinary Half-yearly Dividend.

CHARLES HENRY LIDDERDALE, Actuary.

LEONARD & CUNNINGHAM, AUCTIONEERS,

No. 37, TREMONT-ROW, BOSTON, U.S.

* * * * * Consignments of Books, Paintings, Engravings, Fancy Goods, and other articles, respectfully solicited for Sale at Auction.

NOTICE.—The semi-annual Sales of Books to the Trade are held the first week in June and December of each year.

Sales by Auction.

Valuable Philological, Biblical, and Miscellaneous Library of the late Rev. RICHARD GARNETT.

MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrative of the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION,

at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on WEDNESDAY, December 4th, 1850, and Three following days, at 1 o'clock precisely, the VALUABLE PHILOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, and MISCELLANEOUS LIBRARY of the late Rev. RICHARD GARNETT, Assistant Librarian of the British Museum; comprising numerous rare Works on Scandinavian Literature: Grammars, Lexicons, and Works in the Dialects of nearly every European Language; together with many scarce and important Books in Oriental Literature: Versions of the Scriptures, &c.

To be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had.

Books.

MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL, at his House, 125, Fleet-street, on FRIDAY, December 6th, BOOKS, including Arrowsmith's large Atlas, Irish Statutes, 12 vols., Grose's Antiquities, 8 vols., Cox's Monmouthshire, 2 vols., Habershon's Half-Timber Houses, Colbrook's Hindoo Law, Lardner's Cyclopædia, 15 vols., Waverley Novels, 48 vols., Robertson's Historical Works, 12 vols., Alison's History of Europe, 9 vols., Campbell's Lives of the Admirals, 16 vols., Monboddo on Language, 6 vols., Hutcheson's Philosophical and Theological Works, 12 vols., Owen's Works, 21 vols., Evangelical Magazine 1793 to 1854, &c.

Capital Paintings, Works of the late George Chambers, Esq., &c.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works of Art, will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on FRIDAY, December 6th, COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS by Ancient and Modern Masters: several Works in Water-Colour and Oil, by that esteemed Artist the late George Chambers, including his chef-d'œuvre, the American Packet proceeding down the Jersey; some fine Engravings; a first proof of the Wellington Banquet, hand, some framed, &c.

Catalogues will be sent on application.

Astronomical and other Instruments of fine quality, by the most eminent makers, Oak Carvings and Antiquities, Animal Skins, &c. from Africa.

MR. J. C. STEVENS will SELL by AUCTION,

at his Great Room, 38, King-street, Covent-garden, on FRIDAY, December 6th, at 12 o'clock, the following VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS:—A 12-inch Vertical and Azimuth Circle, by Harris, the Object-glass of the Telescope by Troughton & Sims—an Equatorial, by Harris—an Achromatic Astronomical Telescope, by Dollond—a Reflecting Telescope, by Bird—a Gregorian Telescope, by Tully—a very superior Dissolving View Apparatus, with Cyclo-hydrop Microscope Views, Objects, &c.—a powerful Maynooth Battery and other Apparatus. Also, a consignment from Africa of Karosses—Skins of the Leopard, Lion, and Jackal—Rhinceros' Horns—Ostrich Feathers, and a Box of Bulbous Roots—a Case of Birds—Antiquities—Coins and Medals—two Mahogany Coin Cabinets—India Japaned Cabinet—Oak Carvings—Pictures—Prints—Botanical and other Books and Miscellaneous Items, including a Mantel-Clock, Flute, Organ, &c.

May be viewed on Thursday, and Catalogues had.

ALARIC WATTS'S POETRY AND PAINTING.

On Friday Next will be published, in one handsome volume, square crown 8vo. price 31s. 6d. boards, or 45s. bound in morocco, by Hayday; proof impressions 63s. boards: plain proofs, 41 plates, demy 4to. (only 100 copies printed), 2l. 2s. in portfolio; India proofs, before letters, colomberg 4to. (only 50 copies printed), 5l. 5s. in post folio.

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LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Subjects.	Painters.	Engravers.	Subjects.	Painters.	Engravers.
The Nine Muses.....	T. Stothard, R.A.....	W. Greatbach.	The Maiden's Reverie.....	H. Howard, R.A.....	F. Engleheart.
Sunset (after Claude).....	G. Barrett.....	W. Miller.	Portrait of a Child.....	Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.....	F. C. Lewis.
Mirror of Diana (after Titian).....	T. Stothard, R.A.....	W. Greatbach.	The Sister of Charity.....	E. Deveria.....	J. Mitchell.
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The Grave of the First-Born.....	M. Alaux.....	S. Sangster.	Cupid blowing Bubbles.....	H. Howard, R.A.....	W. Greatbach.
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L'Allegre e La Penserosa.....	H. Howard, R.A.....	E. J. Portbury.	Amiens Cathedral.....	A. Le Saint.....	E. Chailia.
The Shower.....	H. Howard, R.A.....	W. Finden.	The Closing Scene.....	T. Stothard, R.A.....	W. Miller.
Burning a Packet of Letters.....	R. Westall, R.A.....	R. Staines.	The Halt in the Desert.....	D. Roberts, R.A.....	J. Lewis.
Sunset from Richmond Hill.....	G. Barrett.....	W. Miller.	Fairies.....	F. Danby, A.R.A.....	E. J. Portbury.
The Deserted.....	W. Boxall.....	T. Engleheart.	Cupids gathering Flowers.....	W. Miller.....	J. T. Willom.
Mount Atna.....	R. F. Bonington.....	W. Ensom.	Flaia on the Rhine.....	C. Stanfield, R.A.....	W. Greatbach.
A Scene from Faust.....	Madame Colia.....	W. Ensom.	Cupid at Sea.....	B. R. Haydon.....	W. Greatbach.
The Deserted Cottage.....	T. Stothard, R.A.....	W. Greatbach.			

* * * Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have the pleasure to announce that Mr. Watts's 'Lyrics of the Heart,' which has been many years in preparation, will certainly be published on FRIDAY NEXT, December 6, 1850.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS.

Price **THREEPENCE.**

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

On and after the 1st January 1851, an important change will be made in the *Price, Contents, and Conduct* of THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

REVIEWS

The History of Winchelsea, one of the Ancient Towns added to the Cinque Ports. By Wm. Durant Cooper, F.S.A. Smith.

AMONG the most interesting of our ancient towns, whether their mercantile or their political importance be considered, are the Cinque Ports. Every contribution towards their history, or towards that of their adjacent towns, deserves a welcome from the reader who is anxious to obtain additional information as to our early municipal arrangements or to the progress of our commerce during the Middle Ages. Although not originally one of the "Cinque Ports"—for the five maritime towns on which Edward the Confessor conferred those especial privileges were, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings,—Winchelsea at as early a period was distinguished as a seaport; and about the middle of the following century, that, together with Rye, was admitted to the same high station, and dignified with the same title:—the Cinque Ports, from thenceforth being actually *seven*.

"Whether a town existed here at the time of the Roman conquest is matter of doubt." It seems even questionable whether the whole face of that coast has not been changed. The original town of Winchelsea was submerged at the latter part of the thirteenth century; but it is asserted that "the ground began partially to re-appear towards the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth, and was gradually recovered and fenced in up to the close of the seventeenth century, and is now a fine rich alluvial soil." The other ports have also suffered greatly from similar causes. Sandwich is no longer a harbour; West Hythe, the original Cinque Port of that name, is now two or three miles inland; Romney, formerly chief, is upwards of a mile from the sea; and Rye and Hastings, in whose ports large fleets once rode in safety, can now admit only small craft.

Although not mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, nor by name in Doomsday,—a document which, as Mr. Cooper truly observes, "is not a record, as is often erroneously supposed, of all places and towns, but an enumeration of manors only,"—Winchelsea was certainly a town in Saxon times; King Edgar having had a mint there, and it having been granted by the Confessor, together with the adjacent town of Rye, to the abbot and monks of Fécamp. In Doomsday, this town is mentioned as "a new burgh," having sixty-four burgesses. Extensive salt-works are also specified, and "a wood, yielding pannage for two hogs." This must have been a very small portion of forest; but the entry is curious, as supplying proof of one having existed in those parts, and extending even to the brink of the sea. This is supposed to have been the forest called Dymdale, which extended beyond Hastings; and "near Pett, at low water, during spring tides, the remains of a wood may be seen imbedded in the sand, consisting of oak, beech and fir, the former sound and nearly black; and on the whole line of this coast, wherever ditches and dykes have been cut in the marshes, the roots and limbs of forest trees have been met with in vast numbers."—The town of Winchelsea at the time of the Conquest, and for centuries after, was a most convenient port for communication with France. The first Plantagenet, on Stephen's death, landed here; and his sons always bestowed on it their especial favour. Probably it was from this circumstance of Plantagenet landing there when he came, not to contest, but to assume the crown, that Winchelsea was indebted for her admission among the

Cinque Ports and consequent participation in their rights and privileges. In the reign of John, old Winchelsea was in the height of its prosperity. An old writer, Norden, states that it then contained seven hundred householders;—a rather large number in those early days, when none save those compelled by trade resided in towns, and when households were far larger than now. During the wars of John with his barons, the Cinque Ports sided with the king: a singular fact, as we remarked in our review of 'The History of Rye' [*Athen.* No. 1032],—considering that from the various rules of their respective customs they were of undoubted Saxon race. It however seems, from the very curious list of names of the inhabitants, that Winchelsea, at least, had a large admixture of Normans, and probably of natives of Gascony, among its population; and this, we think, would go far to account both for its adherence to John, and for the bitter feuds which subsisted in the following reign between "the barons of the Cinque Ports" and "the barons of London." In the struggle under Simon de Montfort, the Cinque Ports, however, took part with the barons in the cause of freedom. Meanwhile, a succession of storms attended by heavy tides did much injury to the old town; and even as early as 1236 we find that the sea was encroaching on the adjacent marshes. In October, 1250, however,—

"The moon being in prime, the sea passed her accustomed boundaries, flowing twice without ebb, and made so horrible a noise that it was heard a great way within land, not without the astonishment of the oldest man who heard it. Besides this, at dark at night the sea seemed to be a light-fire, and to burn, inasmuch that it was past the mariners' skill to save the ships; and to omit others, at a place called Huckleburn (probably East or Hitherbourne), three noble and famous ships were swallowed up by the violent rising of the waves and were drowned; and at Winchelsea a certain haven, eastward, besides cottages for salt, fishermen's huts, bridges, and mills, above 300 houses, by the violent rising of the waves, were drowned." It is probable that at this inundation Bromhill church was lost. Matthew Paris tells us, that on the octave of the Epiphany also, in the year 1252, during the day and night a terrible south-west wind prevailed,—that it drove the ships from their anchorage, raised the roofs of houses, many of which were thrown down, uprooted completely the largest trees, deprived churches of their spires, made the lead to move, and did other great damage by land, and still greater by sea; and especially at the port of Winchelsea, "which is of such use to England, and above all, to the inhabitants of London," the waves of the sea broke its banks, swelling the neighbouring rivers, knocked down the mills and the houses, and carried away a number of drowned men. And at the close of the following year the sea again broke its bounds, and left so much salt upon the land, that in the autumn of 1254 the wheat and other crops could not be gathered as usual; and even the forest trees and hedges could not put out their full foliage."

It does not seem, however, that the inhabitants suffered so greatly as might have been supposed. They sent forth their vessels during the subsequent year, and swept "the narrow seas," to the sore dismay both of countrymen and foreigners, to whom the very name of "mariner of the Cinque Ports" was "a word of fear." They were, indeed, ferocious pirates; and subsequently to the battle of Evesham, Prince Edward attacked Winchelsea and put the chief inhabitants to the sword. This perhaps, added to the still encroaching inundations, completed the ruin of the old town.

Soon after Edward's accession, measures were taken for the transfer of the town to a more favourable site; nor were they premature, for in 1287 the sea rose so high that the greater part of Winchelsea was submerged. The site

chosen for the new town was "a hill at a place in the adjoining parish of Icklesham, then called Ham. It was principally an uneven sandstone rock, fit only for, and used as, a rabbit-warren." It is now, however, table-land, "and seems to have been made level by using the surface stone for the buildings required in the new town. The whole land ultimately assigned was 150 acres."—The description of this new town is very interesting. It was surrounded by a stone wall on all sides except that which commanded the sea; and along this side an earthen rampart was carried, with spaces between, and which doubtless were intended for the cross-bowmen in case of invasion. A castle guarded the north-west corner. There were within the walls two "greens,"—one of twelve acres, called "the King's Green," and another called "Cook's Green." Water was supplied from six open wells,—to one of which, St. Leonard's Well, was appended the popular belief, which yet remains, that whoever drinks its waters, never leaves the town, or else, leaving, ever longs to come back. There were two markets, several windmills, and a goodly number of churches and convents. The ground on which new Winchelsea was built was divided into thirty-nine parts; and the exact sites of the streets and places, together with the names of the first owners, are fully set out in a return made in the 20th Edward I. (1292). Mr. Cooper has given large extracts from this important roll,—and the complete list of names of the first householders in the "new," but now ancient town. These last are curious to the inquirers into "the history of surnames," and we think the roll bears evidence of many of the inhabitants being of foreign extraction. The two chief families, Alard and Paulin, were probably, as Mr. Cooper remarks, Saxon; but such names as Bertelot, Chauri, Kemese, Beauchef, Guillot, Buchard, point to Normandy,—while Prinkel, Vischer, Coggre, Schenchere seem to be of Flemish origin. The English names are mostly derived from places or from trades. Nicknames, so common at the period, are not to be found in this roll,—except in one instance, where two persons, probably mother and son, bear the name of "Piggestayle." One lady of the name of Lucy, is specified as being also called "Douce Martin,"—perhaps from her kind disposition. It is a curious feature in this roll, that in a list of above seven hundred householders between fifty and sixty should be women. If they were all in independent circumstances, the general prosperity of that period must have been far greater than that of modern times; but if, as seems more likely, some must have been engaged in trade, it would be a not uninteresting task to attempt to ascertain what trades they followed. That they were women of good character is evident from their being allowed to keep house within the city; and as they appear to have been very equally distributed throughout the various quarters, it seems to us to prove that in those early days the widows or daughters of tradesmen, where there were no sons, carried on the business of the husband or father. In the ancient rules of some of the London companies, there are very admirable provisions to this effect, which prove that the chivalrous feeling—we speak of it in its higher manifestation—pervaded all society, and that women were not shut up in the convent, as their only asylum, as has generally been supposed. The names of these female burgesses afford strong proof that Winchelsea was at this period inhabited by a foreign as well as a native population. Very few of the names are Saxon,—while there are Beatrix, Muriel, several Julianas, and eleven of the very unusual name of Petronilla. It would

be amusing to ascertain the reason of this uncommon partiality of the inhabitants of Winchelsea for the name of St. Peter's apocryphal daughter.

"The new town soon realized the hopes of its founders,"—and new Winchelsea, even as the old, retained its superiority among the Cinque Ports.—

"When Edmund, the king's brother, was about to sail for Gascony, the king, on the 3rd of September, 1294, directed the ships of the five ports to attend him. A general writ was directed to the warden of the Cinque Ports: and there was a separate writ to the barons and bailiffs of the two most important of the ports, Winchelsea and Sandwich. An account of the Cinque Ports' ships furnished for this expedition is preserved among the MSS. in Carlton House Ride, in a petition for payment of the wages to the seamen for going and returning, between the 7th of March and the 3rd of May, viz. sixpence a day for each master, sixpence for each constable, and threepence for every seaman. No less than fifty ships were furnished; of which Winchelsea supplied thirteen, Sandwich twelve, Rye seven, Dover seven, Romney five, Hythe three, and Hastings three."

The names of these Winchelsea vessels, with those of their masters and constables, are given,—as also some others. In most cases the names of saints appear to have been assigned to vessels,—probably by way of placing them under their especial protection; when this is not the case, such names as the Falcon, La Blithe, and La Lightfote were given.

Winchelsea during the reign of Edward the Third stood prominent in naval conflicts, both with the French and with Spanish fleets. It was off Winchelsea that the celebrated engagement with the Spaniards in August, 1350—when Edward, assisted by the Black Prince, gained so complete a victory—took place. Froissart's account of this gallant encounter is so graphic, that we must give a short extract. There were forty Spanish vessels, equipped for war, "of such a size and so beautiful, it was a fine sight to see them under sail." They had also full ten thousand men.—

"The king posted himself on the fore part of his own ship: he was dressed in a black velvet jacket, and wore on his head a small hat of beaver, which became him much. He was that day, as I was told by those who were present, as joyous as he ever was in his life, and ordered his minstrels to play before him a German dance, 'Sir John Chandos,' which delighted him greatly. From time to time he looked up to the castle on his mast, where he had placed a watch to inform him when the Spaniards were in sight. Whilst the king was thus amusing himself with his knights, who were happy in seeing him so gay, the watch, who had observed a fleet, cried out, 'Ho! I spy a ship, and it appears to me to be a Spaniard.' The minstrels were silenced, and he was asked if there were more than one: soon after he replied, 'Yes: I see two, three, four, and so many that, God help me, I cannot count them!' The king and his knights then knew they must be the Spaniards. The trumpets were ordered to sound, and the ships to form a line of battle for the combat, as they were aware that since the enemy came in such force, it could not be avoided. It was, however, rather late, about the hour of vesper. The king ordered wine to be brought, which he and his knights drank; when each fixed their helmets on their heads. The Spaniards now drew near; they might easily have refused the battle, if they had chosen it, for they were well freighted, in large ships, and had the wind in their favour. * * * When the King of England saw from his ship their order of battle, he ordered the person who managed his vessel, saying, 'Lay me alongside the Spaniard who is bearing down on us; for I will have a tilt with him.' The master dared not disobey the king's order, but laid his ship ready for the Spaniard, who was coming full sail. The king's ship was large and stiff, otherwise she would have been sunk, for that of the enemy was a great one, and the shock of their meeting was

more like the crash of a torrent or tempest; the rebound caused the castle in the king's ship to encounter that of the Spaniard, so that the mast of the latter was broken, and all in the castle fell with it into the sea, when they were drowned. The English vessel, however, suffered, and let in water, which the knights cleared, and stopped the leak, without telling the king anything of the matter. Upon examining the vessel he had engaged lying before him, he said, 'Grapple my ship with that, for I will have possession of her.' His knights replied, 'Let her go her way: you shall have better than her.' That vessel sailed on, and another large ship bore down, and grappled with chains and hooks to that of the king. The fight now began in earnest, and the archers and cross-bowmen, on each side were eager to shoot and defend themselves. The battle was not in one place, but in ten or twelve at a time. * * * The Spaniards, who are used to the sea, and were in large ships, acquitted themselves to the utmost of their power. The young prince of Wales and his division were engaged apart: his ship was grappled by a great Spaniard, when he and his knights suffered much; for she had so many holes, that the water came in very abundantly, and they could not by any means stop the leaks, which gave the crew fears of her sinking; they, therefore, did all they could to conquer the enemy's ship, but in vain, for she was very large, and excellently well defended. During this danger of the prince, the Duke of Lancaster came near, and as he approached, saw he had the worst of the engagement, and that his crew had too much on their hands, for they were baling out water: he, therefore, fell on the other side of the Spanish vessel, with which he grappled, shouting 'Derby to the rescue.' The engagement was now very warm, but did not last long, for the ship was taken, and all the crew thrown overboard, not one being saved. The prince, with his men, instantly embarked on board the Spaniard; and scarcely had they done so, when his own vessel sunk, which convinced them of the imminent danger they had been in. * * * I cannot speak of every particular circumstance of this engagement. It lasted a considerable time; and the Spaniards gave the King of England and his fleet enough to do. However, at last, victory declared for the English. The Spaniards lost fourteen ships: the others saved themselves by flight. When it was completely over, and the king saw he had none to fight with, he ordered his trumpets to sound a retreat, and made for England. They anchored at Rye and Winchelsea, a little after nightfall, when the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Richmond, and other barons, disembarked, took horses in the town, and rode to the mansion where the Queen was, scarcely two English leagues distant. The queen was mightily rejoiced on seeing her lord and children: she had suffered that day great affliction from her doubts of success; for her attendants had seen from the hills of the coast the whole of the battle, as the weather was fine and clear, and had told the queen, who was very anxious to learn the number of the enemy, that the Spaniards had forty large ships: she was, therefore, much comforted by their safe return. The king, with those knights who had attended him, passed the night in revelry with the ladies, conversing of arms and amours. On the morrow, the greater part of the barons who had been in this engagement came to him: he greatly thanked them all for the services they had done him before he dismissed them, when they took their leave, and returned every man to his home."

Winchelsea subsequently suffered severely from the attacks of the French,—and towards the close of this century its importance seems to have declined. It now became a favourite port for pilgrims bound to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The numbers that went may be imagined from the single entry of a licence in 1456 to Simon Farncombe to carry fourscore pilgrims to St. James's, in the good ship *La Héline*, of Winchelsea. In the same year ships bound to the same destination went also from Portsmouth, Weymouth, Plymouth, and Bristol. The day of new Winchelsea's prosperity was, however, now rapidly passing away,—even as that of the old; but, singularly enough, from a directly opposite cause. The ancient

town was submerged; but from the new town the sea gradually receded, until at length it was left "high and dry,"—the sand in time becoming marsh land, until in 1575 Lambard declared that "there were not above sixty households standing, and these for the most part poorly peopled, all which happened by reason of the sea having forsaken the town." Since this time the sea has receded nearly another mile, and it is now a mile and a quarter from Winchelsea.—At the last census the number of inhabitants was 687, with only 127 inhabited houses. There is something melancholy in this story of an ancient and important town sinking twice into ruin in the midst of the growing prosperity of the country to which it belongs.

Mr. Cooper has given us a volume very interesting both to the local antiquary and to the general reader.—His extracts from hitherto incited manuscripts greatly increase its value,—and form an important contribution towards the history of our maritime towns.

Almanacs, &c. for 1851.

THE approach of Christmas, amongst other pleasant and unpleasant things—geese, game, gifts, school vacations and half-year's bills,—brings with it the usual harvest of winter literature, in the shape of almanacs, of all sorts and sizes,—comic, serious, poetic, 'prosy,'—within some, science in others,—business and information in all.

First in character and importance, now as always, is the *British Almanac and Companion*. This almanac—as every public writer, statesman and man of business is aware by this time—is a complete digest of tabular and statistical information on all points of ordinary reference.—Astronomy—the calendar—the public services of the United Kingdom—political, clerical, municipal registries and lists—legal, scientific and general information—are its subjects, all well condensed and admirably arranged and indexed. This year, the 'Companion' contains, besides the parliamentary matter, and the chronicle of events and of public improvements in London and in the great provincial towns,—several well-written papers on questions of abiding interest. We would instance as of this character, an article 'On some Points in the History of Arithmetic,' by Mr. De Morgan;—a succinct account of the 'Railways of the United Kingdom,'—and a thoughtful and suggestive paper on 'Industrial Associations,' in which facts are looked seriously in the face, and logic is made to lead to the same conclusion as the unreasoning but certain instincts of thousands of those on whose skill and industry the whole fabric of society rests. We transfer the last paragraph of this article to our columns.—

"In our own time, and more especially within the last twenty years, the tendency of capital has been to operate in large masses, especially in the distribution of commodities. Small shops are swallowed up in mighty warehouses, in which, as in the oriental bazaar, a great variety of articles of necessity and luxury may be purchased under one roof. There can be no doubt that the consumers are supplied more cheaply and more conveniently under such a system. But, on the other hand, what Mr. Mill points to as the 'inequalities of society' are thus brought more prominently into view. It is impossible to believe that this tendency of capital to centralize can always go forward without some counterbalance. The mere money advantages may be as great to the servants in such establishments who fill offices of trust as in the old system, under which an active and clever tradesman or artisan was doomed to the life-long apathy of a little shop or a bench in a garret. But the craving for independence is a feeling which cannot be destroyed, and ought not to be destroyed. We have no doubt that under

a law of partnership with limited liability—under a law in which the principal of a concern would not incur risk in assigning small shares to his assistants—a more harmonious arrangement of interests and duties might be effected than we now can hope to effect, and the talents and industrial virtues of the employed more extensively called forth. The principle is not a new one. It exists amongst the Cornish miners; it does, or did, exist in the Hull whale ships, and amongst fishermen on the south coast; it prevails extensively in manufacturing establishments in New England; the business of a house-painter in Paris named Leclair, who before the Revolution of 1848 gave his workmen small shares, has flourished through all the convulsions of the last three years. There are, we believe, capitalists in this country who would gladly make an abatement of individual profit, as Leclair did, to have comfort and security in the content of those by whose aid their affairs are conducted. There are intelligent and skilful servants who feel that their zeal and their experience ought not always to be measured by mere wages. The law should not for ever keep these two classes antagonistic."

The remaining original articles in the 'Companion' are 'The Queen's Colleges, Ireland'—'Ocean Steamers and our Foreign Mails'—'The Supplies of Cotton,' considered in relation to the future of our manufacturing activity,—and a table of the 'Fluctuations in the Funds.' The last page contains the usual necrological table, made up chiefly, as it seems, from our own columns. The average age at death of the most eminent men in literature, science and art for the past year is about sixty:—rather below than above the general average.

Fulcher's *Ladies' Memorandum Book and Miscellany* comes before us in its customary array of pretty illustrations and poetical puzzles. Far above the ordinary calibre of contributions to these pocket-books, is the powerful Russian story of Iwan's 'Vision of the World of Weavers,' by Frances Brown. We will borrow a line of music from the same delicate hand.—

"There was a Time."
FRANCES BROWN.

There was a time—I marvel how
The tracks of other times have grown
Like furrows in my memory now
While it seems still with violets sown—
A time, when one of stranger name
Walked with me in my native glen,
It might have been a fond heart's dream,
But I believed in true love then.
The corn was reaped, the woods were grand,
And mists upon our mountains lay,
As comes the winter to my land—
I know its hills are far away—
But still as fades the year's last flowers
My dreams at times go back again,
To them and those brief autumn hours
For I believed in true love then.
It might be that the faith was vain—
Perchance the stars forbade its truth—
And never will my ears regain
The far-off freshness of its youth—
The warning tale—the doubting thought,
The wisdom and the doubt of men,
I know not how they were forgot,
That I believed in true love then.
The world's love, I have seen it since,
It hath brave show and trumpets loud;
But cold and shallow are the springs
That send its streams through court and crowd—
The beauty's gloss,—'tis fortune's chance,
'Tis the poor praise of word or pen,
My faith had holier altars once
For I believed in true love then.
What if the sunrise ne'er returned
It was my memory's golden age,
Gone like the world's yet seen and mourned
From every point of pilgrimage—
The brass, the iron, and the clay
Have all succeeded it—but when
Will life give back that better day?
For I believed in true love then!
There may be truths once seen but hid
From all our after-search like stars,
Which time and fortune both forbid
To light us through their bonds and bars—
But in the hand, men call of shades,
Will they not rise on us again?
When all life's trusted falsehood fades
We will believe in true love then.

The Educational Pocket-Book and Almanac

we do not remember to have seen before:—but its idea is good. Instead of the usual literature of the pocket-book, it devotes its earlier pages to an account of experiments in Education,—a concise record of the various training schools and colleges in the country,—and a copy of the regulations of the Committee of Council on Education respecting pupil-teachers and Queen's scholars.

Oliver & Boyd's *Three-penny Almanac and Daily Remembrancer* is devoted more especially to the interests of Scotch farmers:—and, of course, gives an elaborate account of horse and cattle fairs in Scotland, with other useful knowledge for that section of the kingdom.—*Ramsay's Pocket Almanac and Diary* is prettily got up and well printed,—having no novel feature: and *Whittaker's Penny Almanac* may be characterized in similar terms.—In *Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository* we hardly find the average quality of song. The vein seems to be worked out in the direction in which it has been followed; and the editor might, we think, advantageously search for a lode higher up the mountain, if he will mine on Parnassus.—*The Comic Zadkiel* ("first-rate edition") is smart,—and often happy in its smartness. We cannot, however, admit that it is so funny as its series prototypes,—though we admit that its fun is far less mischievous. Some of the woodcuts are very droll: but satire itself cannot go the lengths of the real magician. His absurdity cannot be caricatured. We give a specimen or two of the fulfilled prophecies for the past year.—

"Predictions."
A great man sits uneasily
on his throne.

A proposition of a wonderful nature will be made to the English people, and there is reason for anticipating unanimity among our working classes.

Venus enters Taurus, the ruling sign of Ireland, and moves onward, receiving a quartile ray from Mars. This bodes ill for the unhappy land.

Extraordinary appearance of Leo. Astrology is at a loss to explain the exact meaning of the phenomenon, but something strange will certainly be seen in London.

Mars, in his progress through Capricorn, is the precursor of change. London will be torn by agitation in consequence of some exciting and unexpected event.

The luminaries are affected by the malefic orb of Saturn, and the celestial harbingers point out some unsatisfactory decisions in a court of justice.

The winged Mercury becomes retrograde in Cancer, and twice meets the quartile ray of a pernicious sign. Virgo exerts much influence.

The position of the moon with regard to Mars, forebodes affection to the young.

Apollo enters Gemini. A change may be expected in some place of public amusement.

The number of planets in the twelfth hour signify unexpected events."

Mr. George Pollard's *Almanac* is handsomely printed on glazed cardboard, with a rich border of embossed gold on a red ground,—and the months divided by a pattern of gold lines. It is merely a calendar—made ornamental for the walls of library or of boudoir.

Other Almanacs must be reserved for notice to a future day.

Cholera and its Cures: an Historical Sketch.
By J. Stevenson Bushnan, M.D. Orr & Co.

AMONG the various books on disease, we have seldom met with one so readable and interesting as this. Whether we are to have the cholera again in Europe or not, the history of its progress and advent will always be of intense interest to the historian. The morals that it has bequeathed are of perennial importance.—In looking back on the pestilences of past ages, we find their spread and fatality to be a sure index of national ignorance and degradation. We turn now to the pages which record the progress of the Great Plague, and see in them an accurate expression of the almost entire ignorance of the government of a great country, and of the inhabitants of a great city, as to the means of maintaining health and arresting disease. No less truly will the history of cholera in London in 1848 and 1849 tell how little real advance had been made in our sanitary knowledge in the lapse of two centuries.—There is perhaps no part of historical record that reflects so much discredit on modern Europe as that of the filth and degradation of its towns,—so often inviting the attacks of pestilences like that from which we have but recently been delivered.—But whatever may still be the case with the great masses, it is no longer to ignorance on the part of governments that the unwholesome condition of our great cities must be traced. They must be content to exchange the charge of ignorance for the heavier one of palpable and wilful neglect:—since they have long known that they possess to a greater or less extent the power of removing many of the causes of disease. In our own country this power is not so absolutely in the hands of Government as in some of the countries of the Continent; but even here administrations have shamefully neglected their duties, or grossly perverted the occasions for their discharge. Instead of setting resolutely to work to remove the abounding and ever potent causes of disease, they have perpetrated under the pretence of sanitary reform some of the grossest jobs. It passes patience to think, with the dreadful experience of 1849 yet painfully dwelling on all minds, how insignificantly small is all that has been done during the present year to prevent the recurrence of so awful a calamity.

To the many whose nervousness or anxiety would not suffer them to take a steady survey of the visitation while advancing or present, Dr. Bushnan's summary will prove a useful and interesting volume, at least so far as London is concerned. The object of the book has not been so much to give a history of cholera—cleverly though this be done—as to present a view of the various modes of treatment and of their results. To give any account of this part of the volume would be out of our province:—but we must extract the following lively account of the remedies proposed during the prevalence of the disease.—

"Excluding secret remedies, the mere naming of which would occupy a good long summer day, the foregoing are the majority that were proposed during the years 1848 and 1849, for the treatment of Cholera. We cannot promise the reader that they are all; yet they are enough to make manifest the absurd notions abroad. Let us pass in review these remedies, so as to obtain, as it were, a bird's-eye view of them. They defy classification. Omitting for the moment the complex methods by which Cholera was to be vanquished, what were the simple specifics that were to cure—infallibly cure—the fearful enemy? Water, of every temperature. 'Wrap the Cholera patient in a cold sheet,' says one.—'Dash cold water repeatedly over the sheet in which he is enveloped,' says a second.—'Ply him well with cold water internally,' says a third.—'Freeze him; cool his blood to 30° below zero,' adds a fourth.—'Fools that ye are!'

exclaims a fifth, 'thus to treat the half-dead with Cholera; I say, wrap him in sheets soaked in boiling water; and having thus half-cooked the shivering wretch, conclude the process by placing him over the boiler of a steam-engine.'—Sage advice, learned Thebans! The blood is dark, and the surface cold. —'My theory,' shouts one man, 'is, that oxygen reddens the blood, and by its action on that blood generates heat; therefore make the patient inhale oxygen.'—'Nay,' rejoins another; 'the blood in the lungs is too bright; oxygen has nothing to do with the generation of heat; stifle him with carbonic acid.'—'There are cramps present, which cause much suffering, and therefore, are they the symptoms especially to be treated. Chloroform annihilates pain—let him breathe chloroform.'—'It is evident,' avows one sapient doctor, 'that there is no bile in the stools—therefore calomel should be administered.'—'It is plain,' says another, 'that diarrhoea is the great evil—therefore let him have opium; i. e. the drug which effectually prevents a free flow of bile. He is cold and depressed; what so natural as to stimulate? The wisdom of the proposal is proved by the numbers who recommended its adoption—the folly of the many is manifested by the proportion who died under the use of stimulants.'—'Give him alkalies,' vociferates one man.—'Nay,' says another, 'lemon-juice and acids are the true remedies.'—'It is simply a stage of intermittent fever,' maintains some—'therefore,' they add, 'the drug for its prevention and its cure is quinine.'—'Not half potent enough,' whispers a supporter of the same theory; 'give him arsenic.'—Certain fanatics refuse the use of medicine, but in the course of their religious mummeries administered to the credulous a cup of olive oil. A patient recovered, and 'Eureka!' shout the populace. 'Vox et præterea nihil,' say those who wait awhile before they decide. Opium, in one man's mind, is a specific in small doses—the twentieth of a grain frequently repeated.—'Nonsense!' says another, 'opium is a specific; but let it be given in doses of from six to twelve grains.' The latter has one advantage—if the power of absorption yet remains to the stomach, the patient will assuredly be saved all further pain, and, if he be a good man, mercifully provided for in a better world. However, as the duty of the doctor is to keep men here, and not to hurry them off there, we suppose twelve-grain doses of opium will not be very extensively recommended by the profession.—'Calomel is the specific that will stay every symptom of the Cholera—bring back the absent pulse—restore the genial warmth of the icy skin—bid bloom again the leaden cheek; give it, then, freely, in large doses—give twenty or thirty grains, and see its magical effects!'—'Do so,' says an equally devoted admirer of calomel, 'and you will give the last blow to the dying wretch. Calomel is the remedy; but it must be insinuated into the system in small doses, frequently repeated.'—'Bah!' replies the first, 'if you follow this man's whim the patient will slip through your fingers.' Then come other infallible specifics—pitch, sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon; gold, silver, zinc, and lead; strichnine, salicine, morphine, and cannabine; hackish and zhorabia; abstraction of blood, and injection of blood; perfect repose and incessant motion; to the skin, irritation the most severe, applications the most soothing; stimulants the most violent, sedatives the most powerful; inhalation, flagellation.—But if these are the simple, what are the complex methods of treatment that have been proposed? A combination of all the absurdities contained in the foregoing. Let us just draw the reader's attention to one compound method of treatment. Here are the remedies proposed by one gentleman:—port wine, calomel, opium, sulphate of potash, powdered ipecacuanha, spirits of nitric ether, cardamom-seeds, raisins, caraway-seeds, cinnamon, cochineal, camphor, aniseed, benzoic acid, benzoin, storax, balsam of tolu, aloes, rhubarb, sal-volatile, ipecacuanha wine, biborate of soda, oxide of bismuth, spirits of wine, nitrate of silver, tartar emetic, potassa, bismuth, calumba, canella, sulphuric ether, cayenne, brandy.—What a divine afflatus must have distended the mind of the proposer of the above remedies, ere he could have conceived the idea of bringing such an assemblage of drugs into one prescription! Think of the wisdom that must have guided the choice of each, and apportioned

the fitting dose! And then fancy that all are to be administered to the same unfortunate stomach during the short space of forty-eight hours! Byron's dish, which even the good-natured Grimaldi could not stomach—apple-pie with anchovy sauce—was nothing to it!—One learned Parisian doctor, discarding the hitherto sacred numbers—the Pythagorean charm—proposes four cups of sweetened lime flower, mint, balm, and camomile tea, each to contain four drops of volatile alkali. Four drops in each of the four cups—neither more nor less—sixteen drops of sal-volatile, and a little mint tea. Surely nothing could, in one sense, be more simple than this! Oh, yes! there is one more simple still—milk and homœopathy! If not more simple, far more disgusting, and not more sapient, was the proposal for the patients to quaff goblets of fresh-drawn blood!

After this, the author offers some evidence in favour of what is called the saline treatment in this disease:—which consists in the administration of the salts of the various alkalies. In one place—the Coldbath Fields Prison—in 1832, this system seems to have been attended with good results:—so good that it would be justifiable to try the plan on a large scale.—We hope, however, that there will be no opportunity in this country. Tardy as our Government is in carrying out its plans, we believe that a spirit of intelligence, as well as of humanity, has been awakened which will work changes in our sanitary arrangements that, should the cholera re-appear in Europe, will effectually keep it from our English hearths. The hope has nothing Utopian in it. It embraces a practicable result,—towards which the efforts of every patriot and philanthropist should be earnestly directed. It is as demonstrable that we can prevent cholera, as that we can avoid other zymotic diseases. An intelligent—and active—conviction on the part of the whole community that these are preventable, is alone wanted for getting rid of the whole class.

Ponsonby, a Tale of Troublous Times. 2 vols. Ollivier.

THE coronet on the back of this book is intended, we presume, to announce that it owes its being to a noble author. Rather feeble is the "scion,"—by no means distinguished in its form, starved in its leafage, and poor in its bloom. A prefatory dedication to Lord John Manners eulogizes that nobleman's Jacobite ballads, and insinuates the author's intense love for the memory of "Bonny Prince Charlie:"—to whom it seems to be his opinion that justice has hardly been done. Otherwise, we submit—seeing that one Scott wrote two historical novels called 'Waverley' and 'Redgauntlet,'—the young Pretender might have been let alone. Our tale-teller assumes that 'Ponsonby' "differs materially from other fictions relating to that adventure, whose scenes, it is said, have generally been laid nearly altogether in Scotland." This reaches the sublime of forgetfulness:—since a romancer who can have overlooked *Fergus Mac Ivor* and the *Bodach Glas*, and *Evan Dhu Macconich* before the court-martial at Carlisle, or who can have forgotten *Darsie Latimer's* adventures on this side of the Solway, must be cried up, or set down, as sublimely forgetful. After a Preface in this tone,—who would not have expected something in 'Ponsonby' "engaging and new," as the song says? Nor is there wanting matter totally untouched by those who have treated the Stuart invasions of '15 and '45. Let us present one idea to the writers of 'Ponsonby's' to come. What do they think—in place of such a pink and white hero as is here manœuvred through many pages of delicate sensibility—of showing up that rugged, strange, original Englishman, the Lexicographer, the Orcadian tourist, "the Dominie" (according to Sir Alexander Boswell, "who kept a schule

and ca'd it an academy,") Samuel Johnson? It has been again and again conjectured—and not without facts sufficient to warrant speculation and curiosity—that Johnson was out in '45. What room there is in this hypothesis for the ingenuity of any one capable to grapple with "Blinking Sam," in his prime!—Such capacity, however, it may be averred, does not reside with the author of 'Ponsonby.' He plumes himself on the tourney spirit,—but does not get beyond the Windsor chairs from which Lord Eglintoun's tilters mounted their horses in Lord's cricket-ground. He wishes to represent Charles Edward as a *Prince Charles Grandison*,—yet lays out for his use a poor, little, second-hand assortment of fascinations such as would have hardly made pretty *Mistress Betty*, the still-room maid, turn her head.—In short, this book is weak at the beginning, weaker in the middle, and very weak indeed at the end.

Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New Edition. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

WHEN Lord Bacon spoke of imagination as the faculty which "conforms the shows of things to the desires of the soul," he furnished a definition so just and comprehensive that it embraces every true poet whatever may be his comparative rank. The genuine painter of external Nature conforms (not violates or alters, be it observed) visible objects to a mental influence, and detects through the whole world of appearances types of human action and passion. Thus, to use familiar illustrations, the rocks "frown," the sun "awakes," the brook goes "singing" on its way, and the sea "laughs" or "rages," according to the mood of the writer. In dealing with the life of man the same principle is apparent. Feeling and circumstance are separated by the poet from all that is merely petty and accidental in their development, and conformed into pure symbols of the soul. In the highest poetry of all, a yet more transcendent point is attained. The ideal and divine harmony which, though distinct from our human nature, incessantly speaks to it through the conscience, is so manifested in the struggles and aspirations of our hearts that the story of humanity itself becomes an emblem of that supreme law. The motives and impulses which agitate us are connected, not only with their mutual relations and results, but also with their source; and through the entire series of human emotions and natural objects, the loftiest needs or "desires of the soul" are shadowed forth.

It is to the credit of contemporary poetry that, though for the most part presenting no massiveness of structure, and being especially defective in those heroic forms which stand out in the masterpieces of epic song, it does aim—so far as purpose is concerned—at exercising the noblest functions of imagination. Material beauty is applied by it to spiritual uses, and the workings of an unflinching beneficence are traced even through the records of strife and suffering. Of such teaching our times afford no purer examples than those furnished by the verse of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:—and as we think that full justice has never yet been done in print to her genius, we take the opportunity presented by this new collection of her poems to offer a few remarks on the subject.

The volumes before us include, with slight exceptions, all the pieces written by this Lady under her maiden name, as Miss Barrett;—several which have subsequently appeared in periodicals,—and some few which are now for the first time made public. The additions are welcome, but none of them are of sufficient magnitude to alter the order of precedence in which we were previously disposed to rate Mrs. Browning's compositions. The 'Drama of

Exile' and the 'Seraphim' are still the most ambitious of her efforts; while, as regards her larger pieces,—the 'Vision of Poets,' the 'Lay of the Brown Rosary,' 'Isobel's Child,' the 'Poet's Vow,' 'Bertha in the Lane,' and 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' yet continue the most successful of her realizations.

In the 'Drama of Exile' the form is not sufficiently massive for the theme. Eve, its central character, beautiful in her devoted wifehood, is yet rather the embodiment of a woman than of woman. Neither in her nor in Adam do we find those grand lineaments which belong to the founders of the human dynasty in creation; while from the want of an action proportioned to the agents, Lucifer becomes little more than a vehicle for eloquent invective. And yet, what true lover of poetry would wish this drama unwritten? If it falls short of its own ideal, it contains enough of fine thought and imagination to furnish a hundred inferior but still beautiful conceptions. What passages in modern poetry excel in description or suggestiveness the following colloquy, occasioned by the demand of Lucifer, if he do not still retain his angelic beauty?—

Eve. Thou hast a glorious darkness.

Luc. Nothing more?

Eve. I think no more.

Luc. False Heart—thou thinkest more!

Thou canst not choose but think, as I praise God, Unwillingly but fully, that I stand Most absolute in beauty. As thyself were fashioned very good at best, so we Sympy very beautiful from the great Word Which thrilled around us—God Himself being moved, When that august work of a perfect shape, His dignities of sovran angel-hood, Swept out into the universe,—divine With thunderous movements, earnest looks of gods, And silver-solemn clash of cymbal wings:— Whereof was I, in motion and in form, A part not poorest. And yet,—yet, perhaps, This beauty which I speak of, is not here, As God's voice is not here; nor even my crown—I do not know. What is this thought or thing Which I call beauty? is it thought, or thing? Is it a thought accepted for a thing? Or both? or neither?—a pretext—a word? In meaning flutters in me like a flame Under my own breath: my perceptions reel For evermore around it, and fall off, As if it too were holy.

Eve. Which it is.

Adam. The essence of all beauty, I call love. The attribute, the evidence, and end, The consummation to the inward sense, Of beauty apprehended from without, I still call love. As form, when colourless, Is nothing to the eye; that pine-tree there, Without its black and green, being all a blank; So, without love, is beauty undiscerned In man or angel. Angel! rather ask What love is in thee, what love moves to thee, And what collateral love moves on with thee; Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

Luc. Love! what is love? I lose it. Beauty and love! I darken to the image. Beauty—Love!

[*He fades away, while a low music sounds.*

Adam. Thou art pale, Eve.

Eve. The precipice of ill

Down that colossal nature, dizzies me— And, hark! the starry harmony remote Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.

Need we point out the exquisite significance of Lucifer's disappearance while pondering on the mystery of love, or claim admiration for the noble imagery which concludes our extract?

How full of rare pathos, how imbued with a sense of natural beauty, is Eve's reminiscence of Eden.—

For was I not,

At that last sunset seen in Paradise, When all the wailing clouds flamed out in throngs Of sudden angel-faces, face by face, All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God Held them suspended,—was I not, that hour, The lady of the world, princess of life, Mistress of feast and favour? Could I touch A rose with my white hand, but it became Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely Along our awarded garden, but the grass Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside A moment underneath a cornel-tree, But all the leaves did tremble as alive, With songs of fifty birds who were made glad Because I stood there? Could I turn to look With those twin eyes of mine, now weeping fast, Now good for only weeping,—upon man, Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced Because I looked on him?

But it is in such poems as 'Isobel's Child' and others which we have already mentioned that Mrs. Browning's genius shines conspicuously. Hers is not the dramatic imagination which from the fulness of creative life delights to translate itself equally into the most opposite objects. With her, imagination has emphatically its source in the heart. It is her intensity of personal feeling which produces the vivid symbols by which it is expressed: and dealing with her poetry by this standard, we say unhesitatingly, that we know no record of woman's nature which in depth, purity, and force can be compared to that which these pages contain. The ardour of woman's individual devotion, her self-sacrificing love, her sympathy with the victims of wrong, and her faith in a presiding good that consecrates and chastens affection, find their fullest exposition in Mrs. Browning's writings. Love in its highest sense—love for whatever is ennobling and beautiful—is the inspiration of her song:—a love not only fervent enough to fathom the abysses of sorrow, but clear-sighted to perceive, and firm to grasp, the pearls of faith which lie beneath those troubled depths. While we have no more thrilling utterance than hers of the heart's anguish under change, bereavement, or treachery,—we possess no finer morals than those which she derives from such experience. The transient and fickle only raise her spirit to the immutable and the constant. Her trust leaps higher for the barriers that obstruct it. For her the bow of promise gleams on the very brow of the cataract. As a special instance of our meaning we may refer to 'Isobel's Child,' where the holy rest and happiness of the unseen future form the touching argument which wins the mother to relax the grasp of her detaining prayer for the spirit of her boy; and for *his sake* to resign him to heaven:—

The nurse awakes in the morning sun, And starts to see beside her bed The lady, with a grandeur spread Like pathos o'er her face; as one God-satisfied and earth-undone:—

The babe upon her arm was dead!

And the nurse could utter forth no cry,— She was awed by the calm in the mother's eye.

"Wake, nurse!"—the lady said:

"We are waking—he and I—

I, on earth, and he, in sky!

And thou must help me to o'erlay

With garment white, this little clay

Which needs no more our lullaby.

"I changed the cruel prayer I made, And bowed my meekened face, and prayed That God would do His will! and thus He did it, nurse: He parted us.

And his sun shows victorious

The dead calm face;—and I am calm:

And Heaven is hearkening a new psalm.

In the poem just quoted we are shown human affection transformed by self-sacrifice into religion. The doctrine that man cannot sustain man is earnestly enforced. In the 'Poet's Vow' a different but not conflicting lesson is presented:—namely, that man cannot dispense with man. The poet—that he may live in communion with the forms of nature and free his soul from the contact of mortal weakness—alienates himself from his kind and from his betrothed. In this proud loneliness the naked grandeur of things blinds the eye that would gaze on them untempered by the medium of human sympathy. The poet's inspiration shrinks before these awful presences.—

A lonely man, a feeble man,— A part beneath the whole— He bore by day, he bore by night That pressure of God's infinite Upon his finite soul.

His betrothed, dying, mourns more for the sin of his pride than for her own abandonment, and directs that in last apparel her lifeless form shall be borne into his hall.—

O'er the windy hill, through the forest still Let them gently carry me;

And through the piney forest still, And down the open moorland— Round where the sea beats mistically And blindly on the foreland— And let them chant that hymn I know, —Hearing me soft, hearing me slow, To the old hall of Coarland.

She is laid before him, and a scroll in her hand utters what the lips can no longer speak.—

"I left thee last, a child at heart, A woman scarce in years: I come to thee, a solemn corpse, Which neither feels nor fears. I have no breath to use in sighs; They laid the death-weights on mine eyes, To seal them safe from tears.

"Look on me with thine own calm look— I meet it calm as thou! No look of thine can change this smile, Or break thy sinful vow. I tell thee that my poor scorned heart Is of thine earth,—thine earth,—a part— It cannot love thee now.

"But out, alas! these words are writ By a living, loving one, Adown whose cheeks, the proofs of life, The warm, quick tears do run. Ah, let the unloving corpse controul Thy scorn back from the loving soul, Whose place of rest is won.

"I have prayed for thee with deep sobs, When passion's course was free: I have prayed for thee with mute lips, In the anguish none could see! They whispered oft, 'She sleepeth soft'— But I only prayed for thee.

"Go to! I pray for thee no more— The corpse's tongue is still: Its folded fingers point to heaven, But point there stiff and chill: No farther wrong, no farther woe Hath licence from the sin below Its tranquil heart to thrill.

"I charge thee, by the living's prayer, And the dead's silence, To wring from out thy soul a cry, Which God shall hear and bless! Lest Heaven's own palm droop in my hand, And pale among the saints I stand, A saint companionless."

The intensity of love was never expressed in a sublimer picture than these last lines present.

We well know in Mrs. Browning's case, as in that of every true artist, how impossible it is to do justice to a complete work by detached examples. The axiom "*ex pede Herculem*," if it be a tolerably safe guide as to the proportion of various members, affords but a poor clue to the harmony which combines them in one symmetrical frame. As the most perfect illustration of Mrs. Browning's pathos, however, which our limits will afford, we give in a condensed form the poem entitled—

Catarina to Camoens:

Dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the Poem in which he recorded the sweetness of her eyes.

On the door you will not enter, I have gazed too long—adieu! Hope withdraws her peradventure—

Death is near me,—and not you!

Come, O lover,

Close and cover

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,

"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

When I heard you sing that burden

In my vernal days and bowers,

Other praises disregarding,

I but hearkened that of yours,—

Only saying

In heart-playing,

"Blessed eyes mine eyes have been,

If the sweetest, his have seen!"

But all catcheth. At this vesper,

Cold the sun shines down the door.

If you stood there, would you whisper

"Love, I love you," as before,—

Death pervading

Now, and shading

Eyes you sang of, that yestern,

As the sweetest, ever seen?

Yes! I think, were you beside them,

Near the bed I die upon,—

Though their beauty you denied them,

As you stood there, looking down,

You would truly

Call them duly,

For the love's sake found therein,—

"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

O my poet, O my prophet,

When you praised their sweetness so,

Did you think, in singing of it,

That it might be near to go?

Had you fancies
From their glances,
That the grave would quickly screen
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?"

"Will you come? When I'm departed
Where all sweetnesses are hid—
When thy voice, my tender-hearted,
Will not lift up either lid.
Cry, O lover,
Love is over!
Cry beneath the cypress green—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

"Sweetest eyes!" How sweet in flowings,
The repeated cadence is!
Though you sang a hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this.

I can hear it
Twixt my spirit
And the earth-noise, intervene—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"
But the priest waits for the praying,
And the choir are on their knees,—
And the soul must pass away in
Strains more solemn high than these!

Misere
For the weary—
Oh, no longer for Catrine,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

Keep my riband: take and keep it,—
I have loosed it from my hair; it
Feeling, while you overwept it,
Not alone in your despair,—
Since with saintly
Watch, unfaintly,
Out of Heaven shall o'er you lean
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

But—but now—yet unremoved
Up to Heaven, they glisten fast:
You may cast away, Beloved,
In your future, all my past;

Such old phrases
May be praised
For some fairer bosom-queen—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

Eyes of mine, what are you doing?
Faithless, faithless—praised amiss.
If a tear be of your showing,
Dropt for any hope of his!

Death hath boldness
Besides coldness
If unworthy tears demean
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

I will look out to his future—
I will bless it till it shine.
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them,
Angels shield them,
Whatsoever eyes terrene
Be the sweetest his have seen!

We add no comment. We have mistaken the effect of these lines if they need any.

To show how, with a true woman's heart, this writer can pass from the region of ideal sorrow to that of actual every-day wrong, we extract the following verses, terrible in their truth, from 'The Cry of the Factory Children.'

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all—
And all day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

† She left him the riband from her hair.

In what way poetry can lift the heart-sickening facts of suffering into ideal pity and terror may be learned from such painting as this. The authoress of 'Mary Barton' has nothing more real:—Mrs. Browning herself has scarcely anything more imaginative.

We have already said that Mrs. Browning's imagination is not characteristically of that dramatic kind which delights in activity for its own sake; but so general are her sympathies with what is true and beautiful, that her range in them is as large as their own domain. How instinct with chivalrous fire (albeit too diffuse,—a frequent fault of Mrs. Browning's) is the 'Rhyme of the Duchess May'! How keen a perception of patrician grace, how deep a sense of human right, are combined in 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship'! Was there ever a fairy architecture that surpassed the 'House of Clouds' in its delicious fusion of sportiveness, fancy, and emotion? Could not Landseer draw 'Flush, my Dog' to the life from reading the lines so entitled? Our readers will remember some of these poems as they first appeared in our own columns. Did ever supernatural spell more congeal the blood than that of the 'Brown Rosary,' and the legend of her at whose wicked

The spirits trailed, along the pines, low laughter like a breeze,
While high against their swinging tops, the stars appeared to freeze?

Did ever the sublimity of pathos more touch and raise the heart than that of 'Bertha in the Lane'?—which, but for a defect of mechanism, would be of its class the gem of these poems. The flaw we refer to is the disclosure which the heroic sister makes of her own sacrifice. Lastly, to say nothing of its fine lesson, have we any other examples of condensed and picturesque criticism to equal those in the 'Vision of Poets'?—the vision in which appeared

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips,—as if he could
And laugh or sob out like a child,
Right in the classes. Sophocles,
With that king's look which, down the trees,
Followed the dark effigies

Of the lost Theban. Hesiod old,
Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold,
Cared most for Gods and bulls. And bold

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
With race-odour on his cheeks, and clear,
Stant startled eyes that seem to hear.

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropt sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

And soft Racine,—and grave Corneille—
The orator of rhymes, whose veal
Scarce shook his purple. And Petrarch pale,
Who from his brainlit heart hath thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each perfumed with the name of One.

The italics are our own.

From the new poems in this collection we give one specimen of Mrs. Browning's lighter vein.—

A Man's Requirements.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing,—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender;
With the waving of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest gazing;
Taking colour from the skies,
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
The neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely—open-minded;
Love me with thy loitering foot,—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul—
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
But pale, and fast, and true,
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,—
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love thee—half-a-year—
As a man is able.

Of the serious poems now added, that entitled 'Calls on the Heart' is the finest; but we must content ourselves with extracting as a shorter instance—

A Dead Rose.

O rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer rosette now, nor soft nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy tithes shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

The dew that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfume amber up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

Several translations—including an entirely new, and a striking one, of the 'Prometheus Bound'—are included in the present edition.

For those who care to find them, there are undoubtedly faults and short-comings in Mrs. Browning's poetry. She is occasionally guilty of mannerisms which we are prevented only by her earnestness from regarding as affectations. At times, too, the symbols of her feeling seem too weak to convey it. They dissolve in the heat by which they are made plastic. Often in the struggle to overtake her ideal, the Muse totters to the goal. But she gains it. The wreath is justly awarded, though it crowns a fainting victor. Such defects as we notice are, however, all of style,—not of essence or purpose.—We close these volumes by a Poet and the Wife of a Poet with deep admiration and reverence. Desirous as we have been to afford glimpses of Mrs. Browning's genius in its various phases, we are conscious that we have here given due prominence only to its sympathetic truth and its high spiritual tone. Much remains to be said on its electric passion, its noble thought, its bold yet delicate imagination. But in adverting for a moment to the blending of these various qualities in the same mind, we will briefly say that literature has few precedents of such an union. Mrs. Browning is probably, of her sex, the first imaginative writer England has produced in any age:—she is, beyond comparison, the first poetess of her own.

Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary. Comprising an Account of her Missions under the Orders of Kossuth to the different Posts of the Hungarian Army during the Contest. By the Baroness von Beck. 2 vols. Bentley.

Pictures of Rural Life in Austria and Hungary. From the German. By Mary Norman. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE thinker and the statesman have justly regarded the records of the first revolution in France—the event which marked the second awakening of the human mind in modern times, rousing nations into vigorous life which had passed through the crisis known in history as the Reformation in comparative unconsciousness, and giving new impulse and development to the more advanced and energetic races of northern blood—as among the most instructive in the annals of the world. The library growing out of the revolutions of 1848 promises to be little inferior to this great collection in historic interest. But of all the volumes devoted to these events which load our shelves, the most interesting and exciting are those which relate the grand and melancholy drama of the Hungarian struggle. Europe had rarely seen a more strange or noble spectacle. A year before the whole civilized world was ringing with the fame of Kossuth and of Alulich, the Magyar was an unknown race:—not one man in a hundred on this side the Rhine knew more about Hungary than they do now of Finland or of Poltawa. In a land which most people in France and in England fancied was inhabited by semi-barbarous tribes—that being the current notion in Vienna—there rose up, as it were in a day, statesmen and generals superior in tact and genius to the best men that eastern Europe could array against them, and who speedily took their places among the master spirits of the age. Whatever it may have been in past time—not to raise the intricate historical question here—Hungary is now a nation. The Magyars have announced themselves,—and astonished Europe, setting aside all poor feeling of jealousy towards a new people, has admitted their claim to rank with the highest types of manhood on the civilized Continent. Now that the great drama has arrived at a pause—for that the curtain has to rise on further acts can scarcely be doubted—those who were started into admiration eagerly inquire into the details of the act just ended and the antecedents of the men who played it. As out of the obscure past came the present—out of the notorious present will come the future. Works, therefore, like the volumes of General Klapka, Madame Pulzky, and M. Schlesinger—not omitting to mention the pamphlets, letters, and diplomatic notes of Counts Teleki and Pulzky—contain the lights which serve, however indistinctly, to clear up to our perceptions the mists that veil the future of this gallant people. Much yet remains unknown; and some points of the deepest interest—such as the conduct of General Görgey—may not be finally made clear for years to come. There must be much which history can owe only to Kossuth. But the ex-governor of Hungary is not likely—at least for many years to come—to commit his knowledge to the custody of ink and types. In the mean time we are glad to receive revelations from less conspicuous actors in the war.

The services of the Baroness von Beck were now and then heard of in England during the course of the revolution. Her rank and personal daring, the mystery and rapidity of her movements, the unbounded confidence reposed in her by Kossuth, the grace and gentleness of her manners, and the elf-like mischief in which she delighted, all contributed to invest her character with a charm in the eyes of the peasants

and common soldiers not altogether unmixed with a touch of undefinable superstition; and curious stories were told of her in Prague and Vienna, some echoes of which travelled as far west as Paris and London. Through these fantastic reports the Baroness had grown into a kind of myth to our imagination:—and we now gladly correct our notions, and make acquaintance with the woman of flesh and blood as presented in these pages. If more important works on Hungary have appeared already, we can safely say that there is none to compare with this for absorbing interest. To pronounce that the lady's volumes are as exciting as a novel, is to characterize them feebly. Let us say at once that she writes well and forcibly, in good idiomatic English,—that her page is alive with movement, incident and character,—and that her weakness lies in an occasional display of those pretty little vanities which are nevertheless a charm rather than an offence in a woman whose virtues incline to the masculine order.

We should have been glad to know something more of the young Magyarine's story before she became the agent and friend of Kossuth. We gather from allusions in the work, and from information picked up elsewhere, that her husband was a noble Magyar, of liberal politics, who served in the guard of the Emperors of Austria until the October revolution,—when he espoused the cause of the people, and died like a hero on the barricades of Vienna. When the widowed wife found, to use her own words, everything that was dear to her buried in her husband's grave, she resolved to live only for her country,—“all that now remained of what she had loved so well.” She “had nothing but life to lose, and burned with the desire to serve the fatherland even at the sacrifice of that.” Her enthusiasm was unbounded; and her first actions were those of one from whom the charm of life is gone,—leaving in its place a passionate but joyless sense of duty to be done, perils to be braved in a righteous cause, and obstacles to be removed or overcome. We would make no unseemly inquisition into this mournful story; but the reader will find its traces left unconsciously on almost every page of the Magyarine's adventures, in the warmth and reality of her style and in the touching pathos of her allusions. When she speaks in a few words of her visit to the widow of Robert Blum—or when she dares not call on her friend, the young wife of General Poltenberg, after the brutal hangings at Arad, by Haynau,—she moves the reader almost to tears by her simplest phrases.

Having taken her resolution, the Baroness lost no time in weeping over her husband's grave,—but, like the heroine of Saragossa, advanced to take his place. The Austrian Diet was removed to Kremsier; which rendered the maintenance of a correspondence between the liberals of Austria and the Hungarians next to impossible. Her husband's friends continued to meet at her house in Vienna; but their efforts were unavailing to find any trustworthy person who could carry messages for them into the Magyar camp. She heard of this want,—and, as our readers know, offered herself as their messenger. The mission was dangerous,—but less so perhaps to a woman than to a man: and after incredible hardships and delays the Baroness succeeded in reaching her native soil in the dress of a fisherman's boy.

The intelligence which she brought was of the utmost importance. Familiar from childhood with armies and camps, she knew all that had been done in Vienna,—the number of troops,—their positions,—the generals who were in command; and in passing through the lines had picked up considerable information,—all of which she had communicated to Csányi,

Görgey, Lazar, and the other chiefs. The purely political information she reserved for Kossuth, to whom a courier was despatched with it. Struck with the devotion and adroitness of this “daughter of Arpad”—as he proudly styled her—Kossuth wrote to ask if she were willing to go back again to Vienna on a further mission. She accepted the offer with alacrity; and from this moment she was engaged in a series of perilous adventures—often where men had failed and suffered instant death—of a romantic and exciting nature. Sometimes as a peasant—then as an actress—next as a camp-follower—then as a Jewess—her disguises were numerous as her escapes were imminent. We shall not be able to follow her through the regular course of her narrative; but shall gather together such notes, pictures and descriptions as may interest our readers as detached fragments. On starting for Vienna, the Baroness took charge of a letter from the agent of Windischgrätz—the bombardier of cities—informing him that one of his magnificent estates in Hungary had been destroyed by the war. The letter served as a passport through the Austrian lines, and she hoped to get an answer which would serve her to return. Here we get a glimpse of the Austrian generals.—

“On the next day I again visited Schönbrunn, and was admitted to an interview with Windischgrätz and Jellachich,—the two pillars of the House of Hapsburg. They received me with distinguished courtesy. Could they have divined the thoughts that filled my heart, how different would have been my reception! I handed my letter to Windischgrätz: he read it, and seemed struck with terror at its contents. I confess it was not without a secret feeling of satisfaction I saw this man taste some of the bitterness of that misery into which, with a remorseless hand, he had plunged myriads of his own, and of my countrymen. He went into his cabinet to write an answer to Motoschitzky, and Jellachich remained standing in the presence of his deadly enemy. I now looked, for the first time, upon the calumniator of Hungarian honour—the plunderer and destroyer of Vienna. I could scarcely refrain from giving utterance to the feelings of disgust and scorn that swelled within me; but I could serve my country more effectually, and was silent. He questioned me as to the number and condition of the Hungarian troops. I represented them as double their actual force. Upon which he said, with apparent carelessness, that those divisions which I had not seen were probably still stronger. His drift was evidently to draw from me some information respecting the position of the various corps; but I defeated it by taking refuge in the general ignorance of my sex upon such matters. Windischgrätz now returned with his written answer to Motoschitzky. He thanked me again for the trouble I had taken on his account; and what pleased me much more, he directed Count Thun to make out an order, giving me liberty to pass, wherever I chose, unmolested by the Austrian troops, to which he appended his own signature. I took my leave: my object was accomplished, and the two great Generals—the conquerors of Prague and Vienna—were outwitted by a woman.”

The Baroness seems to entertain a huge contempt for Jellachich,—both as a woman and as a Magyarine. His attempts to woo the young Countess Karolyi affords her great amusement.—Crossing from camp to camp or traversing the lines of opposing armies, the messenger saw many of the actual battles, sieges, and bombardments which took place.—Here we have a graphic picture, taken from the tower of Ikman Church, of the battle of Murr:—the first defeat which the Hungarians suffered on their own soil. It was by more than twice their numbers.—

“I ascended the tower myself, and obtained a position on one of the pinnacles, from which I could plainly discern the movements of the two armies. To those who have never seen large multitudes of men engaged in deadly conflict, it would be impossible to describe the sensations with which I

looked upon the awful scene. The two armies were drawn up in nearly parallel lines, and from each there issued a continued stream of fire, which was all the more dreadful from being partially obscured by the smoke, that rolled upwards heavily, and formed a dark canopy above the infuriated combatants. The wind, occasionally, swept away the sulphurous clouds, and revealed the straight lines of soldiers, like stone-walls—immovable and brilliant with fire; but the thick, black vapour soon again hid them from our view. From time to time, we observed bodies of horsemen issue from out of the clouds of smoke, and rush up to the opposing columns; sometimes they penetrated through them, and at others, they were received with a frightful discharge of cannon, before which they were swept back like dust. This continued for about an hour, without any perceptible change having taken place in the relative positions of the two armies. We then noticed that, at each end of the Austrian line, the stream of fire was advancing, and the whole line assuming a concave form, whilst the Hungarian fire was withdrawing at the corresponding points, and the line becoming convex. After a little time, the two seemed to mingle together in undistinguishable confusion; the rolling of the musquetry, and the thundering of the cannon, became indescribably furious, and then began gradually to relax, until, at length, the booming of the artillery alone was heard, at distant intervals, and then it ceased altogether. The battle was lost and won. The Hungarians, out of eight thousand men which they had brought into the field, lost one half in killed, wounded and prisoners. The other half had been completely surrounded, and had cut their way through the enemy. It was this heroic and successful attempt, which had kindled up afresh the vividness of the firing towards the close of the battle, and which gave the Hungarians the claim of superior valour, though victory had declared on the side of the Austrians.

The fiery Perczel was deposed from his command owing to the loss of this battle: and with that utter contempt of danger which made the young general—he, too, was hanged at Arad by Haynau—so great a favourite with the soldiers, he went to visit his wife, though his estate was in the country held by the Austrians. Of course—

“they immediately determined to capture him, and, for this purpose, drew a cordon round his residence, which was contracted gradually on all sides till the house was thoroughly invested. They were quite certain that he had not escaped, for they had kept their eyes upon the whole space inclosed within the cordon, and nobody had either entered or departed from the house since their scrutiny had commenced. A few shepherds and labourers in the fields looked on with vacant terror whilst these measures were taken for the destruction of their master. The Austrians entered the dwelling, searched all the apartments, closets, and cupboards, boxes, drawers, and presses, from the roof to the foundation. They ripped open the beds, and left no place uninvestigated throughout the premises where a man could, by any possibility, be concealed. Still they could not find their prey; it was manifest he had escaped, in despite of all their vigilance. The enraged Austrians were compelled to depart, and wreaked their disappointment upon poor Madame Perczel, whom they shamefully insulted and abused. Had they been less eager in the pursuit of their intended victim, and allowed their eyes to stray for a moment from the spot where they thought he was concealed, they might have seen one of the shepherds, as soon as he found himself outside the cordon, creep along a hedge cautiously, until he approached a grove, in the thickets of which he disappeared; could they have still kept him in view, they might have seen him traverse the grove rapidly, and when he reached the other side, run with all his speed in the direction of the mountains, where he was seen no more. It was Perczel. He had received secret intelligence of the Austrians' design, and dressing himself as a shepherd, he had just time to escape into the fields before his enemies caught a view of his dwelling. He assumed the appearance and bearing of a peasant with such admirable coolness, that the soldiers passed him by without notice, whilst closing

in upon the house. He ran a thousand risks of detection by the Austrian patrols and outposts subsequently, but succeeded at length in reaching the Hungarian army, after enduring incredible fatigue and hardships.”

One of the most arduous of the Magyarine's missions was into Galicia, to distribute a huge bundle of proclamations and raise a Polish legion for the service of Hungary. The journey lay through the Carpathian passes, defended by General Schlick.—

“Not knowing the position of Schlick's corps, we were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, and to make frequent *détours*. We were compelled to be all the more circumspect, because Wovonetzky had brought with him a large quantity of arms for the new legion. During the whole of the journey I rode a good distance in advance of the rest, in order to reconnoitre, and to give the alarm in case of danger. We reached Szeged on the 11th, where the peculiar difficulties of my portion of the enterprise were to commence. Here I left everything superfluous, and separated myself from my travelling companions the same evening. I had some difficulty in crossing the frontier, for I expected to find the way clear, and had prepared myself for the inspection of my passport only; but, to my great disappointment, I found it occupied by the Hartman regiment, and had to undergo a very severe examination, in which I told them, that at present in Hungary the times were extremely unfavourable to the stage, as a proof of which, nearly all the theatres were shut up, and that I wished to seek an engagement in Lemberg, which I had heard was as yet undisturbed by the war. After sending me from the military pass-office to the civil pass-office, and back again repeatedly, they at length allowed me to proceed, and I went on to Sambor, from whence I proceeded the next day to Przemyśl. I had the addresses of persons in both towns, to whom I gave parcels of my proclamations, and who circulated them widely. They were read with the greatest avidity, and created an enthusiastic feeling in favour of the Hungarians. I now proceeded to Lemberg, where I felt it necessary, for the consistency of my character, to seek an engagement at the theatre. I went, therefore, to the manager, and asked him to assign me a part, in which I might make my *début*, in his theatre; but, at the same time, asked an immoderately high salary and good security for its payment. He was astounded at the extravagance of my terms, but was extremely polite, and said he regretted very much he could not then engage me, as the drama was in a very depressed condition. I thanked him for his courtesy, and took my leave. My object was accomplished. I had now the legitimate character of an actress, and was at perfect liberty to serve my country under the shelter of his histrionic name. Forty young men had already pledged themselves to the cause of freedom, and were only waiting for the intelligence which I brought, for they were acquainted previously with Wovonetzky's plan. My proclamation was the signal for their departure, and they all succeeded in reaching the place of rendezvous. This was a matter of no small difficulty, for the whole country was laid for them, and a reward of fifteen florins offered to every one who should deliver up a Pole taken in the act of travelling towards Hungary. From Lemberg I proceeded to Cracow, where I was honourably received, and treated with the most affectionate attention by the patriotic friends to whom I brought letters of introduction. The ladies with whom I lodged introduced me to one of the principal managers, with whom, as the reader will suppose, I contrived to be again successfully unsuccessful in my application for an engagement. I met with many noble and esteemed acquaintances in Cracow; amongst the rest, the Countess Dembinski, née Princess Csartoriska. I was loaded with compliments and praises by them all, and especially by those who had friends and relatives in the Hungarian army, from whom I had brought letters. I was regarded almost as an angel by many a sorrowing wife and mother. My proclamation produced a powerful effect here also, and a great number pledged themselves to the service of Hungary. In short, my mission had thoroughly succeeded; and as my proclamations were now all distributed, and the alarm could

not fail soon to be given to the Austrian Government, I thought it unsafe to remain any longer. I returned, therefore, to Lemberg; but as I had, on my approach to this town, distributed a vast number of papers, I dared not return by the same route. I was obliged, therefore, to make a circuit of a hundred and eighty English miles, in the severest depths of winter, in order to avoid the enemy's posts.”

In these Carpathian hills the messenger was witness of one of Guyon's battles with the Austrians, during the memorable retreat of Görgey, which was a fair set-off to the mortification that she experienced at Ikman. Our countryman is evidently a favourite with the Baroness; who is too genuine a Magyar to have much patience with foreigners unless they are recommended by great merits. The opinion is gaining ground that the Xenophonic retreat of the Carpathians was more the work of Guyon than of Görgey; and the Baroness von Beck is sure that had he not been displaced in the command of Komorn by Klapka, much better terms would have been obtained for Hungary as the price of that impregnable fortress. In our review of M. Schlesinger's work we gave that writer's version of a story that has been told in various ways, and is still a subject of frequent gossip,—we allude to Guyon's entry into Komorn, through the besieging armies, to take the command. The story is here told from his own lips.—

“Guyon amused us very much with a humorous description of his adventures after he had been named Commandant of Komorn, whilst endeavouring to enter the beleaguered fortress. He had assumed a variety of disguises, in each of which he narrowly escaped discovery. At one time his accent betrayed him; at another, his ignorance of the value of the articles he pretended to sell as a pedlar. He represented his ludicrous embarrassment when questioned about the places from which he professed to have come, and the families that resided there, and how he was often obliged to break off such conversations by recollecting that so-and-so was all the while waiting for him; that he would just speak to him for a moment, and then come back, leaving his basket, or box, or whatever it might be behind him, to prevent suspicion, and forgetting to return for it, until at length it became known in the Austrian army that the new Commandant of Komorn was seeking to enter the place in disguise, when their vigilance became so excessive and jealous, that it would have been folly to have continued his attempts. He terminated his narrative here amidst great laughter at his awkwardness in playing the parts he had assumed. He might, however, had his modesty permitted him, have made a different close to his recital, and one which would have called forth the vivid admiration of all present. He was defeated in the uncongenial attempt to enter in an assumed character; he therefore resumed his own natural character of a cool, skilful, and, at the same time, daring soldier, and having obtained a company of a hundred hussars, he advanced cautiously till he was as near to the fortress as he could approach without being discovered by the Austrians; he then gave the word to charge, and actually cut his way through the whole investing army, and arrived safely in Komorn, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the garrison, which had witnessed the heroic attempt from the walls.”

The Baroness was present in Pesth during the night of its vengeful and wanton bombardment by Henzi:—and she gives a vivid picture of the incident.—

“I was much fatigued, and retired early; it was the memorable night of May 8-9th. I cannot say how long I slept, when I was aroused by a noise such as I had never heard before. It seemed to come from every side, and even from beneath my feet. Its loudness was tremendous and stunning. It pressed upon the brain with a fulness and power which I can only compare to a fierce thunder storm, mingling with the rumblings of an earthquake. I sprang from my bed in terror; everything I laid my hands on was trembling. It was some time before I could collect my thoughts; but I had

not listened long before I recognised the well-known sound of a fearful cannonade and bombardment, though I had never been so near one before. I waked my maid, and sent her to arouse the other inmates of the house. The landlord and cellarman were already awake, and running about the house like mad folks; but Danielis, strange as it may appear, slept through it all, and it was only after knocking, till we had almost broken in the door, and screaming with all our might, that we succeeded in rousing him. Never did I hear of such a miraculous sleeper before. We were all soon assembled in one of the lower rooms, but we knew not what to do. We feared to remain where we were, for several balls and bombs had already fallen close to the hotel, and we knew not the moment at which one might burst through its roof, and bury us in the ruins. On the other hand, to attempt to fly in the darkness of the night would be to rush into still greater danger, for the shot and shells were falling as thick as hail all over the vast city. We resolved to remain where we were, and commit ourselves to the protection of God, whose will concerning us would be fulfilled in spite of any efforts we could make to evade it. Having taken our resolution, we felt much more calm; we even felt some curiosity to witness the terrible sight. I opened the window and looked out. The night was dark as ebony, except where the raging fortress was hurling destruction upon the city. There the sight was fearfully grand. The long line of the walls was fitfully illuminated by the flashes from the artillery, the red light of which was reflected from the thick volumes of smoke which hung over the place, and cast a lurid glare upon the troubled waters of the Danube, whilst the thundering tumult of the explosions filled the whole atmosphere with a din which was indescribably terrible, and which seemed to increase every moment, augmented by the falling of houses, which produced a harsh crashing accompaniment to the awful uproar. We could plainly see the bombs traversing the intervening space like comets with their long fiery trains; some burst in the air, scattering a shower of fire all round; others buried themselves in the buildings, where their sharp and near explosion was plainly discernible. In a short time the city was on fire in several places. The flames from the splendid hall of the Hungarian Diet, the principal theatre, the Post-office, the Queen of England Hotel, and a multitude of private dwellings, rose high above the edifices, adding to the grandeur and terror of the scene; before morning they were reduced to ashes.

"I could not wish," she says afterwards, "for those who seek a life of military renown, a more emphatic and salutary lesson on the horrors and wickedness of war than that which they might have learned from the appearance of Pesth after this cruel and useless bombardment." It may perhaps become one of the compensating results of that march of Revolution which in turn laid Paris, Rome, Vienna, Pesth, Prague, Dresden, Messina, Milan, and other of the fairest cities in Europe partially in the dust,—bringing home to millions the horrors of war,—that the popular sentiment, thus instructed, shall grow up to protest against destroying armaments with that force which cannot fail ultimately to impress the misrulers of the world.

There is much in these volumes to throw light on the relations of Kossuth and Görgey,—but we must reserve the topic, on the chance of finding hereafter an opportunity of returning to it. Of the President the Baroness speaks in the most glowing language. No king in the midst of power and victory ever received such homage as the Hungarians appear to lay at the feet of their illustrious exile. To our colder temperaments such warmth of praise would sound suspiciously, did we not hear it on every side,—from magnate and from peasant, from student and from soldier, from man and from woman. There must be something marvellous in a character which ruin, distance and poverty—those great disenchanters—cannot despoil of its empire over the mind.

The 'Pictures of Rural Life in Austria and Hungary' consist of a series of unconnected tales and sketches of the Magazine kind and calibre. They require no detailed characterization at our hands.

The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History. By G. L. Craik. Vol. IV. Chapman & Hall.

WITH this volume Mr. Craik concludes—at least for the present—his labours on the Romance of the Peerage. We are sorry that this is the case:—for the volume before us is in every respect superior to its precursors. Not that the selection of subjects is better (in that respect there was little room for improvement); but the research seems more to the point,—while the grouping and what painters would call the "handling" betray less labour and exhibit a happier arrangement. Some men work best in a limited space:—and this would appear to be one of Mr. Craik's merits. His quantity of materials for his last volume has pushed him into a corner, and forced him to select only the more striking points:—so that his narrative is not interfered with by a minute succession of facts or incidents, which too frequently disturb the sequence of a story. That great secret in writing well, the art of keeping a story within due limits, is becoming every day a rarer art. Seeing the immense mass of reading which threescore and ten years have to encounter—it is greatly to be desired that our literary men would study compression,—and instead of writing books in many volumes, strive to put whatever they have to say within the narrowest possible compass.

The subjects of Mr. Craik's present volume are, the Founder of the Boyles,—the Founder of the Fermors,—the first of the Bouveries,—the first of the Osbornes,—the first of the House of Petty,—the first of the House of Fox,—the first of the House of Phipps,—with the stories of Ann Clifford ('Anne Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery'),—and Anne Scott, Duchess of Monmouth, the wife and widow of the handsome and unfortunate son of Charles the Second.—To these are added an article on 'The Heiress of the Percies,' with some account of the insane trunkmaker, of Dublin, who for many years, in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William the Third, laid claim to the newly extinct Earldom of Northumberland. These subjects are, it will be seen, inviting and diversified. The account of the first and great Earl of Cork, the founder of the Boyles, might, it is true, have been altered and enriched had—Mr. Craik been aware of Mr. Crofton Croker's curious papers on 'The True Remembrances' of the great Earl—compiled in part from the parish registers of St. Paul at Canterbury,—and throwing, as they do, a serious doubt or two on the honesty of the Earl's memory. In the notices, however, of Sir William Petty, Sir Stephen Fox, Sir Thomas Osborne, and Sir William Phipps we see nothing which should be added or removed.—Mr. Hailstone's long-promised publication about Anne Clifford would, we think from what we have seen of it, have been of great use to Mr. Craik: and there are letters of the Duchess of Monmouth in her old age—her A B C letters (carrying no other signature than the first three letters of her then name, Anne Buccleugh and Cornwallis)—which whenever they shall be printed or made more accessible than at present, will curiously illustrate the character of the Duchess who

In pride of youth and beauty's bloom
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb,—

and before whom 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was sung in imagination by its author. But pending the non-publication of these trea-

asures of real biographical history and individual portraiture, let us turn to Mr. Craik:—whose knowledge and good sense will at once instruct and entertain us. The following extract from the opening of the article on the first of the Osbornes is a passage in point.—

"To surmount the barrier which separates the peerage from the rest of the community is, generally speaking, easier than to pass from one rank of the peerage to another. The structure narrows faster than it rises. Of its three tiers or stages (for the Viscounts may be regarded as only a higher division of the Barons, and the Marquises as a subordinate kind of Dukes), the lowest is nearly twice as spacious as the one next above it, and the latter three times as spacious as the highest. At present the number of English Barons and Viscounts is about two hundred and twenty, that of the Earls about one hundred and twenty, that of the Dukes and Marquises about forty. Above two hundred and fifty English peerages were conferred in the reign of George the Third, but only three of them were Dukedoms. From the accession of George the Second, indeed, to the present day, a period of more than a hundred and twenty years, (if we except the variation of the Newcastle patent in 1756) only six hereditary Dukedoms have been created, and of these, one (that of Montagu) is already extinct. Of nearly two hundred and seventy Irish peers made in the reign of George the Third, only one was a Duke. There are several examples of persons rising from the condition of commoners, without the direct aid of claims derived from birth, to the summit of the peerage; but in almost all such cases, at least in modern times, there has been either a basis of noble extraction to begin with, or some other kind of connexion equally or still more potential. The Protector Somerset, who, from a private gentleman, was made first a Viscount, then an Earl, and finally a Duke, was the brother-in-law of one King, and the uncle of another. Villiers, who in the next century, being originally a commoner, was in like manner created successively a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, and a Duke, was the all-potent favourite of a third King. If the General of the Restoration, George Monk, was at that extraordinary crisis all at once made a Baron, an Earl, and a Duke, it was by one whom he may almost be said to have made a king. The great Marlborough was probably, in part at least, indebted for his first step in the peerage to the circumstance of his sister being the king's mistress. Sir Hugh Smithson, the founder of the dukedom of Northumberland, owed his elevation, first to an Earldom, and afterwards to his higher title to his having married the heiress of the Percies. Even our own Wellington, all whose honours have been so well won, though he remained a commoner till he was past forty, to find himself a Duke before he was five years older, was born the son of an Irish Earl, and had an elder brother, who, preceding him in the acquisition of uninherited distinction, had already risen to be an English Marquis."

The difficulty about the first of the family Phipps is thus carefully stated.—

"It is extraordinary that it should not be known with certainty who was the father of a man who was living in the reign of George the Second, not much more than a century ago,—who was the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose grandson was an Irish peer,—and whose great-great-grandson, or descendant in only the fourth degree, is a British Marquis. That Sir Constantine Phipps was not the son of Sir William Phipps, as he used to be described in the Peerages, is quite clear. At the same time there are difficulties, which may possibly admit of explanation, but have not received it, in all the other accounts that have been given or hypotheses that have been proposed,—that he was the nephew of Lady Phipps, that he was the son of a sister of Sir William, that he was Sir William's own nephew by a brother. The last supposition is a mere conjecture, resting upon no authority; either of the others would imply (unless we assume another Phipps married to a sister of Sir William or his wife) that he must have changed his name, which, nevertheless, nobody notices having been done. Perhaps the name of *Phipps* may have been regarded as being the same with *Philips*, and both Constantine and Spencer Phipps

may have been sons or brothers of the Colonel John Phips, whom we have found Sir William's biographer designating his '*fidus Achates*, and very dear friend, kinsman, and neighbour.'

The following opening of what we may call 'The Romance of the Trunkmaker,' too, is not without its matter for reflection.—

"Antiquity alone seems to be insufficient to give to some family names a dignity of sound corresponding to their position. The names of Fox, and Phips, and Petty have all now been ennobled for several generations; it is true that they have not any of them, perhaps, the advantage of being naturally very musical or imposing; but *Petty*, for instance, as a mere dissyllabic articulation, surely becomes the mouth and fills the ear nearly as well as *Percy*; yet what a difference between them in the power of filling the mind! A name is made noble to the imagination only by being associated with noble deeds, and shining in the story or tradition of heroic ages. After having been occupied with some cases in which names destitute of all old renown have suddenly been made conspicuous in modern times by the honours of the peerage, we are now to meet with the claimant of such honours, and the bearer of one of the most famous of our old family names, in a comparatively very humble condition of life. The rapid rise of the descendants of *Petty the Clothier* and *Dyer of Romsey*, and *Phips the Gunner of Bristol*, to be *Marquises of Lansdowne* and *Normanby*, seems less strange than that the *Percy of Northumberland* should present himself to us in the disguise of a respectable trunkmaker of Dublin."

Many will agree—as we ourselves do—with Mr. Craik's observations on the claim of the Trunkmaker.—

"The claim of the trunkmaker was never renewed by any other member of his family. It could not have been brought forward again, indeed, in the shape in which it had already been pronounced upon and rejected; and there seems to be every reason for believing that he was as much mistaken in assuming *Sir Ingelram Percy* for his great-grandfather as he had previously been in fixing upon the more recent *Sir Richard*; but still he may have been a descendant from the house of Northumberland by some other line. His case can hardly be said to be satisfactorily disposed of so long as his true descent remains unascertained. The evidence which he brought forward seems to have satisfied *Hale* that he was a connexion of the Northumberland family; indeed it appears to have been clearly made out that his father and himself were recognized as relations by the two last Earls. Confusedly and inefficiently as he has told his story, and little as we can rely upon the precise accuracy of any of his statements, it is yet plain, from many things which he mentions, that his pretensions were by no means regarded, at the time, as without plausibility, and also that he was met and opposed at every step by every legal expedient, fair and unfair, of which advantage could be taken for that purpose. The array of powers and interests banded against his claim was also unusually formidable, comprehending as it did, not only all the recognized chief branches of the Northumberland family, the heiress of the Percies and her ducal husband, and the two dowager Countesses, her mother and her grandmother, both extensively connected among the greatest families of the realm, but such personages of the very highest sphere as the Duke of Monmouth and the new Duke of Northumberland, the King's sons, with their royal father himself, who had given his lands to the one and his titles to the other."

Should Mr. Craik find leisure and inclination to revive a subject of so much interest as the Romance of the Peerage, we trust he will find an article on that curious paper of difficulties which *Sir William Dugdale*, when busy with his 'Baronage,' laid before Charles the Second on the subject of his natural children,—and to which the king, as *Dugdale* relates, made so Rowley-like an answer.—The many peerages created out of the libertine life and easy nature of the "Merry Monarch" would make a paper—especially in Mr. Craik's hands—at least as interesting (and this is high praise) as any that he has given us in his four volumes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Glimmerings in the Dark; or, Lights and Shadows of the Olden Time. By F. Sommer Merryweather, Author of 'Bibliomania in the Middle Ages.'—Between the Camden, or the Chetham, or other such Society—the official bringers-to-light of household books, royal inventories, &c.,—and the general reader, there is some need of mediation. Though curiosity be long, life is short:—and many of the present generation who would like to be informed how their ancestors "fleeted the world" in "the olden time," recoil in dismay from the piles of volumes through which they must wade to find what cinnamon cost by the pound, or in which Queen's reign the thorn that skewered together the primitive drapery of our progenitors gave place to the pin—or when the latter was garnished with a head and a being of its own, and from a luxury, passed into common use. To these eager and impatient customers such distillers, extractors and compilers as *Miss Lawrance* and the author of the volume before us offer valuable assistance. They present the grains of true metal from the mine, not merely collected and smelted, but wrought up into pleasing shapes of ornament and utensils available for use. By grouping many facts disentangled from among the trivial or tedious matter in which they are imbedded,—they enable the general reader to form for himself some clear, if not wholly correct, picture of the men and women of the ancient world—as they fought, as they feasted, as they prayed. So frequently have we in treating of one or other antiquarian book endeavoured to illustrate most of the subjects treated by Mr. Merryweather—whether they belong to the domain of domestic economy, or to the province of scientific discovery—or to the career of philosophic thought and imaginative creation,—that we may not dip into his volume to substantiate our praise by quotation. The case is one, however, in which we beg to say that brevity does not imply disrespect.

The Royal Water Lily of South America and the Water Lilies of our own land. By George Lawson.—Few plants have excited greater interest on their discovery than the *Victoria Regina*,—the *Water Lily* of the rivers of South America. Our native species are exceedingly beautiful, and might well have been thought able to challenge the families of plants to produce a species combining so many interesting qualities. Yet both our yellow and our white water lilies must hide their diminished heads in presence of the beauty from the waters of the New World.—For many years did this wonderful plant resist all attempts at culture in Europe. Seeds and roots were transported in vain from its native regions. At length, however, we are no longer dependent on the reports of travellers. The cey plant, unable to resist the appeals of pure water and a high temperature, has unveiled its charms to our untravelling eyes. It has germinated, leaved, and blown, at *Syon*, at *Chatsworth*, and in many other parts of our country at once,—and may be seen in all its glory by any holiday-maker who will visit *Kew*.—We need not attempt to describe the plant. Growing in our carefully tended conservatories, and not needing much light, it seems to exceed here in its glory the descriptions given of it by travellers. It is indeed worthy to be called the floral queen of the waters.—Thinking that a plant that has excited so much interest would form a good subject for a detailed account, with a notice of some of its congeners,—Mr. Lawson has produced the little volume before us. All who have gardens in which they are ambitious enough to wish to grow the *Royal Water Lily*, will find Mr. Lawson's book useful; while those who can enjoy such luxuries only in the possession of others, will find much to instruct and amuse them in this account not only of the *Lily of America*, but also of the water lilies of our own land.

Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains; or, the Pedestrian Tourist's Friend. By the Rev. Thomas Grierson.—This pleasant little volume is the result of vacation rambles for several years,—and contains sketches and impressions of mountain and lake scenery but seldom visited by tourists

from the south. It is not often, in these days of carpet-knighthood, that we meet with so hearty a pedestrian and hill-climber as our Scottish parson. By his own showing he has been on all the mountain-tops of the two kingdoms and the Principality:—so that we fancy the provisions of the old gentleman were well grounded who declared of him, as a youth, that he "would rise in the world." Walking-tours may be regarded as a peculiarly English pastime:—for though more decently clad persons are found on the roads of Germany than on those of our own country, these are the *handworkers*, travelling professionally,—not students and men of means taking exercise out of mere love of adventure and of physical exertion. Mr. Grierson speaks with enthusiasm of the hundreds of young English whom he has met with on the hills and by the lochs of his romantic country. A chase after mountain breezes and extended natural prospects seems to him the most delicious and exciting of sports:—and in this we agree with him. We only wonder at the appetites which care to add the morbid excitement of pain and death to bird or beast to these natural and innocent delights.—To our pedestrian readers generally, and to those who propose to make the land of Glen Tilt the scene of their exercises in particular, we would recommend an acquaintance with the pleasant gossiping and ancient experiences of this Scottish Rambler.

The Mining Almanack for 1850. Compiled and arranged by Henry English.—Unlike the ordinary run of Almanacs, this does not make its appearance until the middle of the year,—and through some accident it has escaped our notice until now. This matters, however, but little. The information which it contains is for the most part of that purely scientific and practical kind which loses none of its value by the lapse of a month or two. No one interested in mines and minerals—whether as dealer in metals, as practical miner, or as scientific mineralogist, should be without this compact and useful volume at his hand.

The Gospel in Central America, containing a Sketch of the Country—Physical and Geographical—Historical and Political—Moral and Religious: a History of the Baptist Mission in British Honduras and the Introduction of the Bible into the Republic of Guatemala. By Frederick Crowe.—Mr. Crowe gives a brief but useful and succinct account of the several States of the central group of American Republics, from the discovery of the country down to the present time,—and the record makes one of the most melancholy chapters in the history of human perversity and misfortune. From the day when Columbus landed on the coasts of Honduras, that magnificent and important isthmus has been made the scene of man's most capricious superstitions and most revolting cruelties. Nor would it appear from Mr. Crowe's account that there is much hope of improvement. Peopled by races of southern blood, the vices of the South have there found ample development; just as in the northern States of the continent, peopled by northern races, we have seen new and more perfect forms of Scandinavian and Teutonic life grow up.—Mr. Crowe's narrative is lucid and interesting,—and the infidelities and superstitions of señor and señorita, done up in the bright colours of tropical costume, lend themselves to more picturesque recital than the ignorance and failings of our own children of improvidence and crime. Nevertheless, it is hardly to be doubted that our first duties are to our own kindred: with them, as daily experience proves, there is some hope of profitable result. One ragged school in London has probably done more good than all the time and money spent on the mission in Honduras.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

On Excision of the Enlarged Tonsil. By William Harvey.—This work does not recommend the operation to a consideration of which it is devoted. It appears, that there is a fashion in performing operations as well as in the administration of medicines. The operation of removal of enlarged tonsil has been lately strongly recommended in cases where there exist at the same time deafness and defective articulation. Mr. Harvey has per-

formed it several times,—and now comes forward with his reasons for abandoning an operation which at one time seemed to promise so much success. This will frequently be the case both with new medicines and with new operations. Even those which promise a rational mode of relief may be attended with a success that is purely accidental, and a wider experience may demonstrate their inutility. This truth does not prove the uselessness of new remedies or new means of cure,—but only shows the necessity of collecting and comparing a sufficient number of facts to give to our conclusions a claim to be regarded as final; and every medical man should be ready to abandon a treatment, however great a favourite it may have become, when it has been found to fail in a majority of instances.—Mr. Harvey's book is of value, as evidently written by a man practically acquainted with his subject.

The Physiognomy of Diseases. By George Corfe, M.D.—It is an unfortunate thing for a man to have an abiding sense of the necessity of doing or saying something that nobody else does or says. Such men are often shrewd observers and sensible reasoners,—but in all their observations and reasonings the tendency to which we have alluded breaks out. Dr. Corfe is one of these unfortunate persons. In a book on disease he thinks it necessary to give, in an introduction, his theological views, which appear to us to be of the Calvinistic kind that prevailed in the sixteenth century—all very proper for those who take an interest in them, but having little to do with medicine, and being likely, we should say, to injure the usefulness of his book. Nevertheless, it contains a mass of valuable observations on the symptoms of disease, and a record of numerous interesting cases. It is not perhaps a book for the young student to read; but those advanced in professional life will find in it much instructive matter amidst a good deal of a more doubtful and less improving character.

On Gout, its History, its Causes, and its Cure. By William Gairdner, M.D.—Gout is a disease that has attracted much attention from medical men. It is a malady of the wealthy and luxurious; and there are, therefore, few of our fashionable physicians who are not well acquainted with its forms and symptoms. Independently of the really interesting character of the disease, a reputation for understanding it, and treating it well, is likely to be of unusual advantage to the medical man:—hence the number of books that have been written on it. Many of these are not unnecessary,—as much is the rapid progress of discovery in physiology and in physiological chemistry, that every day is bringing new facts to light which bear importantly on researches into the nature of disease.—Dr. Gairdner is a man of large experience and cultivated mind, and could not fail to produce an interesting work on this subject. His opinions deserve attention from his professional brethren; and though his researches may not have cleared up all the difficulties connected with the pathology of this complaint, they will form a starting point for further inquiries on this important subject.

The Principles of Surgery. By John Orr.—This is a manual of surgery for the medical pupil, and seems to be well adapted to attain the objects for which it is written. The principles on which a sound surgical treatment and practice are founded are the same as those involved in medical practice, and are based on a knowledge of the functions of the human body in health and in disease. The principles, therefore, of surgery and of medicine change with an increase of knowledge in physiology and pathology:—hence the necessity of new introductions and manuals for the student in the one department and in the other.—In general principles, we think Mr. Orr's little book will prove a safe guide to the junior members of the medical profession.

On Diseases of the Kidney. By G. Owen Rees, M.D.—There are few departments of pathological inquiry that have made greater advances than that to which this work is devoted:—and the medical profession is indebted to its author himself for much of the progress that has been attained. Dr. Rees is careful in his observations and cautious in his inductions:—hence, great value is to be attached

to what he has to say on a subject to which he has devoted so much attention.

The Homologies of the Human Skeleton. By Holmes Coote, F.R.C.S.E.—Although the generalizations of the transcendentalist are becoming everywhere recognized in pure science, they have as yet failed to produce much influence on our practical applications of the various departments of science into which they have been admitted. No portion of such inquiry has had so much light thrown on it by the application of the law of ideal types as that of osteology,—yet in our books on anatomy very little notice is taken of this fact. A projection on a bone is called a "process,"—and there is an end of it. No allusion whatever is made to the fact of this "process" being the representative, or homologue, of important organs in the lower animals. Most of our medical students at the present day are taught their anatomy—and examined in it too—as parrots are taught to say "what's o'clock!" This is the more inexcusable as in the works of our countryman Prof. Owen we have the fullest and most definite exposition of the laws which regulate the structure of the human skeleton that have hitherto been published.—This work of Mr. Coote is intended to serve as an introduction to the philosophical study of osteology; and we recommend every medical student who would desire to see something more than "dry bones" in a human skeleton to study its contents. We are assured, that the man who attempts to grasp these beautiful generalizations will be both a wiser man and a sounder practitioner for having made the attempt.

Dysphonia Clericorum; or, Clergyman's Sore-Throat. By James Mackness, M.D.—The amount of inconvenience suffered from any disease arising out of occupations peculiar to a class of persons is best known to that class. Although the disease treated of by Dr. Mackness takes its name from a particular profession that is liable to it, all persons employed in public speaking are more or less exposed to loss of voice from the exercise of their vocal organs. This symptom is frequently regarded as a disease,—and treatment is had recourse to accordingly; but it will be found that it may depend on very various states of the system,—and they who would treat it empirically as though dependent on one may produce serious mischief.—Dr. Mackness has examined the affections of the throat producing dysphonia with great attention, and his remarks are deserving of a careful perusal.

Insanity tested by Science. By C. M. Burnett, M.D.—Dr. Burnett is of opinion that as insanity is seldom found to be connected with permanent organic lesions, it is a more curable disease than has hitherto been thought. He brings a great deal of knowledge and judicious discrimination to bear on this subject:—and his work will be very useful to those interested or employed in the treatment of the insane.

Results of Hydropathy; or, Constipation not a Disease of the Bowels, Indigestion not a Disease of the Stomach; with an Exposition of the True Nature and Cause of these Ailments, explaining the Reason why they are so certainly cured by the Hydropathic Treatment. To this are added cases cured. By Edward Johnson, M.D.—We give the author the benefit of his title, because we think it will best furnish an idea of the nature of his book. It belongs to a family the characters of which are, bold and unblushing assertions of the truth of doubtful statements, and an array of perverted facts to support them. Disease is not what the most profound investigators of nature believe it to be,—but something that Dr. Edward Johnson's lively wit has discovered. It is not to be cured by a rational plan of treatment founded on a cautious induction from a vast experience,—but by cold water as employed by the peasant of Silesia. All this is very pitiable when coming from the uninstructed man at Gräfenberg and his half-witted disciples,—but it is something worse when repeated with all the pretension that can be given to it by the authority of a well-educated medical man. Dr. Johnson must know that his book can be of no service to his professional brethren,—and its object can be only that of attracting an ignorant public to his own cold-water establish-

ment. We do not deny the therapeutic powers of cold water; but must utterly condemn the pretensions of those who hold it up as a remedy for every disease,—regardless alike of their own characters as responsible for their opinions, and of the lives of those on whom they would practise their system.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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A LAMENT.

(STANZAS FOR MUSIC.)

The clouds from out the sky are driven;
The moon is large, and round, and white;
The glow-worms, like the stars of heaven,
Sleep in the spheres of their own light—
To-night!

The fire-flies in mid-air are dancing,
Like naked hearts that pant and thrill;
And all, except their restless glancing,
Between the river and the hill,
Is still.

The night-bird in the trees is singing,—
She fills the wide night with her soul:
The river, in its swift course winging,
More gently towards its distant goal
Doth roll.

The heavens are liquid, soft, and starry,
The earth is rocked and lulled in sleep,
The dreams, of darkness born, still tarry,—
Yet I my ceaseless vigil keep,
And weep!

EDMUND OLLIER.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AND THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

We have hitherto purposely abstained from offering any final opinion on the recent proceedings of the Archeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Archeological Association in connexion with the offer made by the latter of a reunion with the former. Our readers will remember that the two Societies were formerly one. They met at Canterbury as one; but before the next year, when they assembled at Winchester, they were two—and, what is worse, two very angry institutes, with a complicated quarrel, and an active desire first to outstrip, and then if possible to ruin one another. On the occasion of the quarrel, it will not be forgotten that we considered ourselves

justified in adopting the side of the Institute,—and most of what has since occurred has strengthened our conviction that that decision was the right one. From that day we have never ceased, so far as depended on us, to visit on the party whom we thought to blame the displeasure of those earnest men who believe the cause of science to be degraded by the squabbles of its professors,—and those economical ones who do not love to see a multiplication of Societies springing up to do the work of one. Had the Society of Antiquaries been true to its mission, there should have been no demand for Archaeological Societies at all, save as sections of that parent body; and when the new institution undertook to repair the neglect of the old one, it should have known that the best way of effecting this was not by dividing its strength and doubling its machinery. We differ entirely from the expressed opinion of the Secretary to the Archaeological Institute, that the field of archaeology is sufficiently wide for the operations of several distinct Societies,—and think it may be reaped in all its extent at the cost and by the joint labours of one general organization. The differences of these two bodies have diminished the public confidence in both. The true sons of science have no vanities of their own; and men cannot obtain the credit of being scientifically in earnest, who make a display of their angry personalities before the world. The quelling of the discordant spirits that had arisen in the Archaeological body politic, and the ultimate re-incorporation of these two severed bodies we have kept steadily in prospect as the condition of the successful working of either. That the offer of renewed fellowship should come from what in our opinion—right or wrong—was the offending side, was what of course we should have demanded as the necessary first step to a reconciliation. When, therefore, that advance has been cordially made—when the offer to remove all causes of disunion, and re-constitute the Archaeological body as one, has come from the side from which in our opinion it was due, and been rejected by the other,—we should be untrue to the principle on which we espoused the cause of the Institute, and to all the principles which we have urged again and again in reference to the organization and working of the scientific bodies generally—if we did not say that we think the wrong is transferred,—and that the Institute stands responsible to the public for the divided strength, multiplied expenses, and diminished influence of the Archaeological body.

It is not for us to point out the means by which the junction which we desire could best be carried into effect. But in the hope that the spirit of reconciliation may yet triumph, we will give our readers an account of the proceedings which originated in a strong feeling, outside the bodies, that the cause which they both had in hand was hindered by their disunion,—and in an expression of that feeling, to which the Council of the Association at once replied. We will confine ourselves to a mere statement of the facts in their order.

On the 24th of August last—being the concluding day of the Congress of the British Archaeological Association at Manchester,—it was moved by James Crossley, Esq., President of the Chetham Society, seconded by the Rev. Thomas Corser, a Member of the Archaeological Institute, and unanimously resolved:—

"That with a view to the advancement of Archaeological Science and the formation of a Central Museum of British Antiquities, it is desirable to promote a union between the British Archaeological Association and the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and that this Meeting strongly recommends the Council of the British Archaeological Association to take such steps as to them may seem expedient to accomplish these important objects."

At the next meeting of the Council of the Association it was—also unanimously—resolved:—

"That the President of the British Archaeological Association be requested to communicate to the President of the British Archaeological Institute, the copy of a Resolution unanimously adopted at a Meeting of the Congress, held, &c.,—and to assure the President of the Institute that the Council of the British Archaeological Association will be happy to aid in any way that shall be agreed upon in order to carry into effect the recommendation contained in that Resolution."

The President of the Association communicated this Resolution to the President of the Institute:

offering his assistance in so good a cause,—and suggesting that it might be desirable to appoint a Committee of three or four of the Institute to meet a similar number of the Association on the subject. Before, however, the President of the Institute had communicated the Resolution to the Central Committee of the body, the Committee replied to a proposition not formally before them, by the following advertisement:—

"The Central Committee of the Institute have considered a Resolution passed at a recent meeting of the British Archaeological Association at Manchester, August 24, in reference to the expediency of promoting a union between the Association and the Institute. The Committee desire to give this public notice that they are ready, as they have always been, to admit Members of the Association desirous of joining the Institute. They have determined accordingly that, in order to offer reasonable encouragement to the Members of the Association, they shall henceforth be eligible without the payment of the customary entrance fee, on the intimation of their wish to the Committee to be proposed for election. Life Members of the Association shall be eligible as Life Members on payment of half the usual composition. All Members of the Association thus elected shall likewise have the privilege of acquiring the previous Publications of the Institute at the price to original Subscribers."

Apart from the irregularity involved,—this advertisement seems to have been considered by the Council of the Association as what Judge Jeffries used to call a "lick with the rough side of the tongue":—and the Central Committee of the Institute were accused by individual Members of the Association of having met an offer of reconciliation by an attempt to seduce away the Members of the latter. For ourselves, we will say that the advertisement read unpleasantly to us. There seems in it too much of the old personal malice:—as if Mr. Way and Mr. Hawkins were replying to Mr. Pettigrew,—not the Committee of one public body to the Council of another. It should be borne in mind, that both bodies are composed of a very large number of Members—many of whom are strangers to the quarrel—and others (and those of name) never understood, and do not care to hear of, the personal dislikes and differences. That the first Resolution of the Committee of the Institute was somewhat of a blunder, we may gather from the second:—which is as follows:—

"That the Committee having taken into consideration the Resolution of the British Archaeological Association passed at their Congress at Manchester, and also that of their Council of the 4th of September, and communicated by the President of the Association to the President of the Institute, are of opinion that the position and prospects of the Institute are such as to render inexpedient any essential qualification of its existing Rules and Management."

"The Committee disclaim all unfriendly feeling towards the Association. They are of opinion that the field of Archaeology is sufficiently wide for the operations of several Societies without discord; but if the members of the Archaeological Association should be disposed to unite with the Institute, the Central Committee will cordially receive them on the terms announced in their Advertisement of September 9th, which was intended to be conciliatory,—feeling assured that such a course cannot fail to meet with the entire approbation of the members of the Institute."

This drew the following rejoinder from the Association:—

"That the Council having, in accordance with a Resolution passed at the late Congress at Manchester, August 24, made overtures to the Archaeological Institute in reference to a union between the two bodies, as being advantageous for the promotion of Archaeological researches, regret to find that the Central Committee of the Institute, by their Resolution of September 23, deem it inexpedient to take any steps calculated to promote so desirable an object."

"That, as it appears by a letter from the President of the Institute, erroneous opinions are entertained with regard to the position and intentions of the Association, a letter, explanatory of the circumstances, be addressed to the Marquis of Northampton, and that the same be printed together with the Proceedings in the forthcoming number of the Journal, for the information of the Members of the Association and of the Institute."

The matter was wound up by the "explanatory" letter to the President of the Institute,—which runs as follows:—

"My Lord,—Your Lordship having desired Mr. Heywood to lay your Lordship's letter before the Council of the British Archaeological Association, I have the honour by the direction of the Council to convey to your Lordship their thanks for the courtesy with which you have communicated the Resolution of the Central Committee of the Archaeological Institute, in reply to that of the Association, forwarded by Mr. Heywood to your Lordship."

"At the same time they feel it their duty to call your Lordship's attention to certain points of your Lordship's letter, from which it appears to them you are labouring

under an erroneous impression respecting the position and intentions of the Association."

"With the letter published by Mr. Wright, the Council beg to observe they have nothing to do. They decline being considered in any way responsible for the taste or spirit of the composition of any individual member of the Society, and as your Lordship, equally with the Central Committee, has declared that the Advertisement of the 9th of September last was intended to be conciliatory, the Council have much pleasure in receiving that acknowledgment."

"But your Lordship does not seem to be aware that the Resolution passed at Manchester, which gave rise to that Advertisement, did not originate with the Association, but with Gentlemen entirely unconnected with it, encouraged by the frequently expressed desire of many eminent members of the Institute itself, (one of whom was actually the seconder of the Resolution,) and in a belief that a junction was earnestly desired by a large majority of that body."

"With such an understanding, therefore, the members of the Association present at the Congress agreed that the motion of Mr. Crossley and the Rev. Mr. Corser should be carried unanimously, in order that no difficulty whatever should be thrown in the way of healing the unhappy differences which had so long existed between the Societies, or it might more justly be said, between certain members of them."

"It must surely have been obvious to every one, that such a desirable consummation was only to be arrived at by the dissolution of both Societies; and their re-establishment as one and the same body under the original or an entirely new title. In fact, as if no separation had ever taken place; not by the mere admission of Members of the Association into the Institute, or the entire sacrifice of one body to aggrandize the other."

"The Council request your Lordship distinctly to understand, that they foresaw from the first the inferences which would be drawn from this proposition for a union, and therefore would have respectfully declined taking the initiative, had they not felt the Association was strong enough to do so. When, therefore, your Lordship hints at the probable dissolution of the Association, it appears to the Council that the consciousness of power and progress which justified them in offering an alliance, has been misinterpreted as they anticipated, and considered an acknowledgment of weakness, which compelled surrender. It is in no boastful spirit, therefore, but simply with the desire to set your Lordship perfectly right on that point, that the Council beg me to inform your Lordship, that the Association was never in less danger of dissolution than at the present moment; that the increase of members during the past year has exceeded that of any former year, and includes several valuable members of the Institute; that it numbers eighty-two Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, and what is perhaps the strongest guarantee of its success and stability, that it has no debt it cannot discharge; a fact as honourable to its management as it is encouraging to its supporters."

"Under such circumstances it would be, as far as pecuniary interests are concerned, as inexpedient for the Association to change its existing regulations as for the Institute, and nothing but the laudable desire to be the first to forget and forgive, could have induced the Council to have listened for a moment to the recommendation urged upon them."

"Repeating the hope your Lordship expresses, in conclusion, that at all events a friendly feeling will be established between the two Societies."

"I have, &c."

"J. R. PLANCHÉ, Hon. Sec."

Thus stands the matter:—and what is to be done? The Marquis of Northampton, as President of the Institute, objects by letter to any proposal of a junction of committees,—and prefers what he calls the simple plan of fusion to that of union—but what, in fact, is neither more nor less than a dissolution of the one body and its incorporation into the other.—Mr. Heywood, the President of the Association, is willing to concede much to what may be called the punctilio of the Institute. He is willing that the united Societies should bear the name of the Institute,—and that the next Congress should be held at Bristol, the proposed place of meeting of the Institute. We must repeat, that it is the Association which has the right attitude in this matter. The feelings of individuals on both sides must be made to give way to what is for the good of Archaeology. Who sits at the Council is a secondary point,—to which the interests of science are not to be postponed. It would be idle to conceal the fact that while the great point of union is still unsettled—both the Societies are suffering.—Archæology itself is suffering. The Institute has lost, and is losing, some of its best members:—so with the Association. Both Societies may rest assured that by the time when the Bristol Meeting is to take place, both parties must be prepared for a great change. The committee of the Institute, as at present constituted, will of itself do nothing of moment to further the proffered union. The Association, with all its willingness, and impaired as it has been by recent withdrawals (that of Mr. Roach

Smith especially)—is somewhat crippled in its influence. What, we again ask, is to be done? Much, by the members themselves:—something perhaps by Lord Mahon and the Society of Antiquaries. Lord Mahon belongs to neither "house,"—and by his influence, tact and conciliatory temper might bring again together the too long divided original Association. A reconciliation of this kind would be worthy of the President of the Society of Antiquaries:—nay more, it would be a prudent step on the part of the parent Society,—for, truth to tell, the old lady at Somerset House is a little too ponderous and dear to rival livelier and cheaper Societies which have separated rather than emanated from her. The matron of the Strand will not walk fast enough for the peripatetic children who have set up on their own account,—and may chance to be forgotten, in spite of her hot coffee and silver-gilt mace, if she do not take this excellent opportunity of connecting herself with them by assisting in the re-ordering of "both their houses," and thus assuming to stand "in loco parentis" to the new union.

LITERARY PIRACY.

As your columns have always given ready admission to statements of injury inflicted on literary property, will you allow me to bring the following instance before your readers:—not on my account only, but for the sake of other writers who may be long, perhaps, suffer as I have suffered.

Several years ago, I published a work entitled 'London in the Olden Time,' in two octavo volumes. This work subsequently became out of print. I have been frequently urged by my friends to republish it:—and was on the point of making arrangements for that purpose, when I was surprised, at the beginning of this month, to see advertised 'London in the Olden Time,' forming the sixtieth volume of the Tract Society's Monthly Series. On obtaining the book, I found it was a small publication, of the price of sixpence,—and giving, as it states, "sketches of the great metropolis from its origin to the end of the sixteenth century." Certainly there is nothing in the book belonging to me, except the title; but the appropriation of this, your readers must perceive constitutes a wrong.

I wrote to the secretary of the Society;—and have received a reply from the author of this new 'London in the Olden Time,' in which he very coolly states that he is wholly unacquainted with my work,—that he understands mine consists of tales, whilst his is history,—and that for neither the title nor the contents is he indebted to me:—adding, that he hopes this explanation will satisfy me.—Truly the gentleman's estimate of satisfaction for an injury is somewhat peculiar.

As appeal to courtesy was vain, I inquired as to the chances of legal redress:—but from the wording of the Copyright Act, it appears doubtful whether the taking of a title only would be viewed as legal piracy. Had any one of the tales been taken—or even a few pages—the remedy would have been clear; but for seizing the title—a far more important part, small as it is—there seems little chance of any other redress than what honourable feeling might afford me.

I have been anxious to bring this subject before your readers; since, if it shall be found to be the case that titles of books are unprotected, it is important that writers should be aware of that fact,—and endeavour to obtain such alteration in the act as may prevent their being subjected to such annoyance and injury as have been inflicted on

THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.

A correspondent (L. B.) in a recent number of the *Athenæum* [ante, p. 1051,] referring to some interesting articles in *Notes and Queries* on the subject of James the Second's remains, asks for further information,—and regrets that when at St. Germain he did not copy the inscription on the king's tomb. During a short residence in France some time since, I purposely visited St. Germain to make inquiries on this subject, and I copied the inscription on the monument,—which I subjoin.

Amidst many conflicting accounts which we have of this matter, I am inclined to believe that the facts which I here record are substantially correct. The body of James the Second, which had been kept unburied until the first French Revolution in the Church of the English Benedictine Monastery in Paris, was exhibited about the year 1794, and money was received for admission to see it. It was not until 1824 that the body, or the greater portion of it, was conveyed to St. Germain, and buried with great pomp and solemnity in the parish church,—most of the English then in Paris or the neighbourhood joining in the funeral procession.

The intestines of the king were given soon after his death to the Irish College in Paris; where also his body lay after the destruction of the Church of the Benedictines, and before its final interment at St. Germain. The brain of the king was given to the Scotch College in Paris, and the heart to the Convent at Chaillot. In the Chapel of the Scotch College in Paris, which I visited in the further pursuit of my inquiries, are many curious monuments; and among them one, with a long Latin inscription, erected in 1703 by James Duke of Perth, to the memory of James the Second. An urn once stood over the monument containing the king's brain,—but this was destroyed at the period of the Revolution. Near this is a slab covering the heart of his queen, and another the intestines of his daughter Louisa.

The monument at St. Germain is of white and grey marble, and bears the following inscription.—It was erected by order of George the Fourth.—

"Regio cineri Pietas Regia.

Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum aspiciat

Hæc humanum vicem meditare

Magnus in prosperis in adversis major

Jacobus 2. Anglorum Rex

Insignes ærunas dolentem nunciat fata

Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit

in hac urbe

Die 16. Septemb. Anni 1701.

Et nobilioris quædam corporis ejus partes

Hic recondite asservantur.

Qui prius augustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urâ.
Quid solium—quid et alta juvant! terit omnia lethum
Verum laus fidei cæcæ morum hæc peritura manebit
Tu quoque summe Deus regem quem regius hospes
Infamum excepit tecum regnare jubebis.

I am, &c. J. REYNELL WREFFORD, D.D.

Dristol.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

All Souls Day.

Munich, Nov. 1.

THIS is All Souls Day. The principal Cemetery is illuminated and decorated with flowers, garlands, and various devices,—and all Munich goes out to see it. We had heard about this grand day for weeks, and therefore were rather curious about it. We set off at two o'clock, and on our way through the Türken Strasse, met King Ludwig walking alone. Spite of all the old king's failings, my heart warmed to him as the generous and noble patron of Art; and as such I made him a low reverence as he passed, and received in return a gracious smile and bow. A little farther on, driving across the Maximilian Platz, we met the other king and his brother King Otho. They were in a gay carriage with outriders in blue, and their two queens were with them. They had been to the Cemetery.

The Cemetery lies outside the Sendlinger Thor,—the old and new *Gottes-Acker* lying close together. Tribes of people were streaming in the direction of the cemeteries, and all wore a holiday look. The whole day had been a holiday; mass had been performed in the churches, and the shops were closed. On the open space before the ruinous old Sendlinger Gate were a number of stalls, on which were displayed wreaths of moss and ivy, and crosses covered with moss and ivy, and initial letters also formed of the same material. As we approached the burial ground these stalls increased in number,—on which also crucifixes were offered for sale,—and the crowd of people became quite dense; almost every peasant and burgher of the lower class having crucifixes in their hands. There was a regular crush to get into the burial ground. A row of frightful and diseased beggars—the halt, the blind,

and the lame—men, women, and children—stood before the little church craving alms.

A little further on, we had space to observe that every grave in this densely-filled churchyard was decked out in festal array. What a singular impression it made to see these gay-looking graves and the gay crowd of living people, and then to picture the equally dense crowd of the calm dead lying beneath these flowers and these busy feet! To me there was a frightful contrast between this life and this death.

There was no expression of sorrow or of reverence in the faces of the living—mere curiosity. Numbers of blue glass lamps were suspended from the crosses and monuments. There were wreaths, garlands, and festoons of moss, ivy, and everlasting; some of tawdry pink and blue artificial flowers, which were frightful. But on the whole the decorations were very tasteful,—some of them lovely. For instance, a grey marble basin for holy water placed at the foot of a grave would be wreathed round with myrtle and rose-buds—*real*, not artificial; while the grave would be covered with greenhouse plants in full bloom,—or the soil perhaps raked smoothly till it resembled fine black sand, so that on this black ground a mosaic of scarlet mountain-ash berries, the white waxen berries of the snow-berry, and leaves and flowers in the form of crosses, initials, and various devices would be worked, and the tall, elegantly-formed stone or iron cross at its head would be festooned with moss and ivy wreaths. On some of the graves a kind of moveable garden was placed:—a large wooden tray covered with mould, into which were stuck leaves and flowers in patterns. Crosses, or some little seedling of that kind, had also frequently been sown and sprung up in patterns, in letters, or in words, variegated also with coloured sands—blue, red, and white. It can scarcely be imagined how very ingenious these little gardens were; curious though, rather than pretty,—somewhat like very neat children's gardens. Every grave had its lamps or candles, and each its attendant,—an old man or woman, who sat beside the cross muttering prayers with rosary in hand. These attendants all seemed to be old. I noticed one or two very old people,—one man with a white beard who trembled all over with age and cold.

The Old Cemetery is of considerable extent, and is quite filled with graves. A sort of cloister runs round it, beneath which were also monuments,—and of course, therefore, more flowers, and garlands, and lamps, and attendants. We now passed with the crowd into the New Cemetery. It also is inclosed by a cloister;—not, however, like the other, whitewashed, but built of rich, warm brick, a yellow brown, with red bricks introduced so as to produce a fine effect. This beautiful cloister, with its numberless round arches, is very striking:—quite grand, indeed, in its simplicity. As yet there are but few graves in the inclosure. On one side, as the cloister is entered, is the monument of Gärtner, the architect of the *Sieges-Thor*,—and a little further on is that of Professor von Walter. On the other side of the entrance, close by the door-way, is a grey marble monument, with a bust in white marble placed on it,—an ugly, ungraceful monument. A tall American cedar is planted on either side:—a number of garlands of myrtle and bay lay at its feet. It was Schwanthaler's monument!—Had we only known that he slept there, I would have taken the loveliest garland I could have found in Munich, as a little tribute of respect and admiration to his genius. I was pleased to see the interest and respect evinced by the crowd collected round this monument. "Yes, Schwanthaler! the great Schwanthaler!" I heard people say. I cannot conceive why King Ludwig, who erected this monument, could permit anything so commonplace—nay, unsightly—to be connected with Schwanthaler's name and memory.

On our way home we noticed a crowd of people in the Maximilian Platz,—a crowd of eager people, who, with breathless interest, were watching a man mounted on a heavy ladder, or rather flight of wooden steps. He was lighting a lamp: for to-night Munich was to be illuminated,—the lamp-illumination having been deferred from the opening of the *Sieges-Thor* till to-night. At the foot

of the lamp-post stood a grave, pompous man, in a buff-coloured quilted coat, trimmed with black bear's skin, holding in one hand a long pole, at the end of which burned a feeble flame inclosed in perforated tin, and in his other a little box containing a red mixture, which he stirred up from time to time with a piece of stick,—his demeanour being that of a person engaged on solemn and important duties. When, suddenly, three little flames darted up from the gas-burner, there was a perfect scream of delight from the gazing crowd below. Gas was to burn that night in the streets of Munich. There was indeed a jubilation! I smile as I contrast in my mind that huge flight of steps, and those two pompous, solemn officers with a brisk London lamplighter. In Munich the phrase ought to be as *slow*, not as *brisk* as a lamplighter. When the lamp was lighted, the heavy ladder and the heavy men moved off,—he of the buff coat and bearskin growling "*Platz! platz!*" to the wondering crowd. At the corner of the Amalien Strasse we met other lamplighters, two of whom carried the ladder and a third the light. It was, indeed, an important and formidable business this gas-lamp illumination.—Looking out of my window as I write, I behold a feeble brilliancy in the streets,—and all the world out enjoying it. H.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

OUR readers know how often we have pointed out the pressing urgency which exists for the establishment of some form of provision for the literary man, established on more intelligible principles and clearer responsibilities than the Literary Fund,—and available to the unfortunate of that class who are strangely excluded from the benefits of the Fund in question by the present interpretation of its statutes. Some such institution on a broad scale, which might be partly self-supporting and partly endowed, would probably develop itself out of any good beginning earnestly made:—and we have, therefore, heard with great satisfaction of a munificent offer made by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer at the close of some dramatic entertainments which he has been giving at Knebworth,—the performers consisting of the company of amateurs who usually play under the managerial direction of Mr. Dickens. Sir Edward proposes to write a play, to be acted by that company at various places in the United Kingdom:—the proceeds to form the germ of a fund for a certain number of houses to be further endowed for literary men and artists,—and the play itself, if we understand rightly, to be afterwards disposed of for the added benefit of the fund. Sir Edward will likewise give in fee ground on his estate in Hertford, for the erection of such Asylum, Rest, Retreat, or whatever else it may be determined to call the residences in question. The actors—to whom a conspicuous share in this good work will be due—hope, we understand, to take the field in the spring of next year.—Here is the first step which we have so long desired to see taken; and as one quality of liberality is its infectiousness, and one move suggests another,—we will hope that out of this beginning will grow a shelter for the failing literary mind proportioned to the wants of the class and to its more than common claims on society.

The daily papers announce the death, at Lillies, on the 26th instant, of George Nugent Grenville, Lord Nugent,—long familiarly known in the separate worlds of politics and literature. As member for Aylesbury and as Lord High Commissioner we have nothing to do with Lord Nugent. We are to view him as an author,—as one whose pride it was to be connected with literature,—and who was especially fond of the company of literary men. His '*Legends of the Library at Lillies*' will do but little to perpetuate his name, even as a "noble author;" but we are much mistaken if his '*Life of John Hampden*' will not stand higher with posterity than it has stood with the author's contemporaries. There was much to keep it down. It was looked on by many as a violent party pamphlet, in two octavo volumes,—a red-hot radical publication; and not even the imprimatur of Albemarle Street could protect it from the claws of the *Quarterly Review*. The notice in the *Quarterly*, as

many of our readers will remember, was written by Mr. Southey; and occasioned a rejoinder from Lord Nugent in a letter to the late Mr. Murray,—to which Southey, after a time, replied in another letter "*touching Lord Nugent*." Both these letters are of importance to the true understanding of Hampden and his times; and whenever Lord Nugent's book shall be reprinted—as assuredly it will be, for it is now very scarce—the two letters will, we trust, be appended to it.—Lord Nugent was born on the 31st of December 1789, and was therefore in his sixty-first year. He married a daughter of the Earl Poulett,—but has left no issue.—In private life he was accessible and affectionate; and his conversation was full of anecdote derived from both books and men.

We have received on the subject of Mr. James Bailey—to whose recently granted pension we alluded a fortnight since—from a correspondent who dates Trinity College, Cambridge, a letter almost as angry as that of our correspondent of last week,—but a great deal more creditable in its terms. Our present correspondent's "fact," however, is entirely different from the unvoiced "fact" of "An old Subscriber;" and we believe we can show that his anger at least is bestowed on wrong grounds. Our correspondent 'J. T.' remonstrates in the name of a large body of Cambridge friends against our affectation of ignorance that the party pensioned is the author of '*Festus*,' and against that denial of his claims which—referring to our view of that poem—our correspondent considers lays us open to the charge of discrediting what he is pleased to name "our own oracle." We believe we can assure "J. T." that we have not been called on to offer any opinion as to the claim of the author of '*Festus*'—whose name is "*Philip James*"—to a place on the pension list.—Meantime, some of our contemporaries seem to share our ignorance as to the real party in whose favour the national bounty has on this occasion been exercised. The *Leader* of last week beats about in search of the party,—and repeats our inquiry, as if it also shared our opinion that the literary organs of the public have a perfect right to make it. The letter of J. T., too, proves that he and his Cambridge friends for lack of the true scent are led to hunt in a wrong direction.—As we have already said, when we shall know *who* the Mr. Bailey in question is, and that his literary service is sufficient, we will be quite ready—and indeed, desirous—to recognize his claim. But we decline to accept the statements as to matters of fact of a gentleman (we allude to our former correspondent—who has written again, and more offensively than before) who refuses to give us the means of testing his authority to make them,—and whose evidences of temper do not raise an inference favourable to his correctness. If we knew that his communications might be relied on as the explanation of this matter, we might, in the interest of literature and of truth, be induced to overlook the unbecoming manner in which they are conveyed. Probably he may feel some shame now when he perceives that J. T. in support of his conviction has the same right to be offensive as himself,—and that had such been his taste, as they cannot both be right, one of them must have been offensive in maintenance of the wrong. He may probably be able to gather, too, from this fact of a "fact" against his "fact," an insight into the propriety of an editor requiring guarantees for "facts" communicated,—even where his correspondents happen to be gentlemen of temper, and seem, like himself, to have no other object in view than the service of the truth.

It is stated, as our readers have already been partly told, that the Chapter of St. Paul's are willing to enter into terms with the City authorities for a general reform of abuses in relation to our great national cathedral. They propose, it is said, to abolish the unbecoming charge for entrance at the door,—and to remove the iron palisades, and throw open the entire space up to the doors, as in the case of Notre Dame in Paris,—on condition that the Corporation undertakes to widen and improve the approaches.—We confess we should greatly like to see such a compromise carried out. On the north side especially, the edifice requires a larger space of underlying ground; and at the

north-east end of the churchyard a great improvement might be effected at a very slight cost by throwing down a few houses and continuing the line of St. Martin's-le-Grand to the nave of the Cathedral. This slight change in the existing state of things would enable the thousands who daily pass along Cheapside to gain a complete view of the noble pile, instead of seeing only a small section of it through a chink,—no slight advantage, considering the power possessed by the great monuments of art as educating and tranquillizing agents,—and would open up a new and powerful stream of ventilation. It would be also a gain to get a point of view from which two of our great public establishments—the Cathedral and the Post Office—could be seen at the same time. This improvement might be effected in a few weeks:—certainly before the Exhibition opens, and our invited guests from Europe and America are at our doors.

The questions submitted to the chiefs of the University by the new Commission augur well for the usefulness of the inquiry now going on. A great—if not indeed the chief—evil at Oxford is, that it is not so much a university, in the sense in which that term is understood abroad, as an aggregation of colleges or small independent corporations. What powers, resources and jurisdictions the University, as such, possesses, is a point involved in great obscurity; but the Commission appears disposed to bring out this information very prominently, as a key to the after measures of reform which must be taken. The vice-chancellor, the librarians, and the proctors are invited to furnish full answers to queries on the subject. The heads of halls and colleges are requested to give evidence on the possibility of diminishing the ordinary expenses of a university education,—on the sufficiency or otherwise of their power to enforce discipline,—on the effects of the present system of private tuition,—on the practicability of combining the professorial and tutorial duties,—and, most important of all, on "the means of extending the benefits of the university to a larger number of students, by the establishment of new halls, by permitting undergraduates to lodge in private houses more generally than at present, by allowing students to become members of the university and to be educated at Oxford under due superintendence but without subjecting them to the expenses incident to connexion with a hall or college."—These are the more material points on which information more or less full may now be expected by the public. There are many others still in reserve, on which the people of this country are anxious to have some light thrown:—such as, the course of study,—the competency of the judges of merit in those more useful branches of literature and science against which the Oxford spirit has always been set, openly or secretly,—the great subject of modern tests and oaths, not only as they relate to the case of dissenters, but as they stand in relation to the existing charters of the colleges. An inquiry which ignores these topics, however useful and valuable so far as it goes, will not meet with that favourable reception from the public which may be desired. We do not suppose that these things will not be inquired into and reported: but it does not yet appear that any steps have been taken to procure the information necessary for their thorough elucidation.

A week or two since, the foundation stone of King Edward's Ragged and Industrial Schools was laid. Into the intended building a new and important feature is to be introduced in the shape of a dormitory for about forty of the most destitute of the children. As the scholars are to be taught some kinds of work, as well as reading and writing, the King Edward's School in Spitalfields becomes almost a copy, so far as the forty sleepers are concerned, of the House of Occupation in St. George's Fields:—an institution chiefly filled with the children of crime sent from the City Bridewell. The experiment is, therefore, notable as an attempt to draw somewhat nearer the treatment of children before and after the legal offence is committed. Hitherto, nothing less than a positive crime and a term of imprisonment in the City Bridewell could open to the friendless urchin the doors of the comfortable

asylum in St. George's Fields,—or introduce him to similar treatment elsewhere. Fox's Court was an exception, perhaps, such as it was,—but it was confined to some half-dozen inmates. The Spitalfields school will be able to meet some part of the large demands of suffering and destitution in that over-crowded district. Our readers of the West End who may be anxious to invest the overflows of their fortune in these charities, which bring present comforts and promise future blessings to the giver and to society, may be reminded that the cost of the projected school is about 3,500*l.*, and that as yet the proceeds of benevolence reach to little more than 1,500*l.*

The ancient dormitory attached to the great monastery of Durham,—with the exception of Westminster Hall said to be the largest in England—is about to be put into a state of thorough repair, and used as a library and museum. About 1,500*l.* have been already spent on its restoration; and the Bishop has now contributed 500*l.* and the general chapter 1,000*l.* towards its completion.—In nearly every old town in the north of England there is some fine old building in a state of decay, which a comparatively small outlay would suffice to restore, so as at once to provide ample and noble homes for the libraries and museums springing up, or ready to spring up with a little agitation and encouragement.—We would point to the old hall at Gainsborough as a signal instance of this kind of restoration. A few years ago a heap of ruins, fast declining into mere rubbish,—it is now one of the most picturesque and commodious Mechanics' Institutes in the country,—an ornament to the town, and an imposing witness of its historic renown. The vicar of Gainsborough and his colleagues have gone about their work in the right spirit; grafting modern ideas on old foundations,—and turning the vestiges of ancient glory into means of present usefulness and beauty. This is the true way to restore the past—morally and architecturally.

The *Gloucester Mail* states, as it says on authority, that Mr. Macaulay declines the invidious office of choosing between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Alison for his successor as Lord Rector to the university of that city. The nomination falls, in this case, on Colonel Mure; but as he is absent in Italy, the final vote cannot be tendered for some time.—The *Mail* conjectures, that there cannot be a doubt the absent Scotchman will nominate his own countryman to the vacant office.

The evidence at length received of Sir John Franklin having actually penetrated into the region of "thick-ribbed ice" seems to have acted as an incentive to renewed vigour. The North Star, which recently returned from Wolstenholme Sound in a state of excellent repair, is, we hear, to be re-commissioned forthwith and sent out to Behring's Straits to relieve the Plover. Former applicants for employment on Arctic service will now have an opportunity of re-asserting their claims. Much will depend on the selection of a well-qualified commanding officer:—and the Admiralty, profiting by recent experience, will no doubt act with judgment and impartiality in this very delicate matter.—In the American papers we observe a long communication from Mr. Kane, one of the officers engaged in the transatlantic Arctic Expedition. Mr. Kane writes from the southern side of Lancaster Sound, between Cape Crawford and Cape York:—his letter is dated August 21. He states that the crews of both the American vessels were in good health and spirits.—The rest of his letter, though interesting in itself, is only an expansion of facts already known to our readers.

The magnificent schemes of irrigation now in progress in the north-west provinces of Hindustan and in the Madras presidency are attracting the attention of statesmen and of public writers at Bombay. These are awakening to the fact that the deltas of the Indus and the Taptee are little, if at all, inferior to those of the Nile and the Ganges. At present, those rich lands are lying barren—mineralizing to no want, warding off no foe—for mere need of that water which is ever flowing past them in such majestic volumes to the ocean. The mighty streams are here—the great wastes are there: if the two elements could be brought together, it

seems probable that ere ten years this rich but parched alluvial soil would yield as much produce as would pay the entire outlay required in the first instance. The following statements on this point are made on the authority of an able writer in the *Bombay Times*.—

"The unfertilized portion of the delta of the Indus is as nearly as possible identical in all its characteristics with that of the Nile beyond the limit of the inundation; both to the casual observer present the appearance of a hard barren bed of clay—when more minutely examined both turn out to be the rich alluvia of the primary rocks of the distant mountains mingled with the detritus of the soft tertiary limestones which wall in the basins of both rivers; both are identical with those more favoured portions of the delta rendered fertile by the overflow of the stream; and both are capable of being made, by the application of water, equal in productiveness to the most fertile of the lands which they adjoin. So it is with the Taptee. From Domus by the sea to far beyond Surat, and so southward towards Bombay, we have a vast tract of alluvial land—if less barren than the desert of lower Sindh, mainly indebted to the rains for what fertility it possesses—for the greater part of the year yielding nothing. The Court of Directors might with perfect safety guarantee 10 or 20 per cent. on money expended on enterprises undertaken for the cultivation of such lands as these, without the smallest fear of being called on for a shilling after the work was once well begun; and with the perfect certainty that whatever they might at the outset advance would be paid back in full as soon as returns began to come in, and returned ultimately an hundred fold in the shape of the improved productiveness of the country. In both these cases Providence has provided with means of conveyance for the produce it only requires the industry of man to bring into existence. Along the margins or through the centre of their promising lands reproaching us as the authors of their barrenness sweep the waters of the ocean or those of navigable rivers, and the boat or buggalow could at once receive its freight from the fields whereon it grew."

It is to be hoped that the system of irrigation so lately introduced into that country may be extended in every direction. As drainage in our own moist climate,—so water, water is everywhere the want in our eastern empire. The Afghans have great borings beneath the soil, into which they collect the rain from the high lands to preserve the water against the sun's heat. But it seems probable that the Dutch canal would answer the purpose better—with the rivers as the sources of supply, instead of the hills.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has filled up the vacancy occasioned, nearly a year since, in its body by the death of M. Quatremère de Quincy:—electing, after a long contest with two rival candidates, M. Wallon, the author of a work on 'Slavery in Ancient Times.'

We are informed, on good authority, that the statement which we took last week from the Continental papers relative to the honours conferred on Professor Oersted is incorrect in several particulars. It is not fifty years since Oersted entered the University as Professor:—it is that time since he entered it as an assistant in chemistry.—Oersted was born in August 1777; and is consequently now 73 years of age,—not 80.—The grand cross of the Order of Dannebrog, which the Professor wears, he received several years ago,—not on the recent occasion.—The ring presented by the University bears the Professor's image surrounded by diamonds,—and was in substitution of the customary Minerva ring, which he received many years ago when he was created Doctor of Philosophy.—And finally, it was not from his fellow-citizens, but from the King of Denmark, that he received the use during life of the Villa of Fasansgaarden, in the royal domain of Fredericksberg:—the same having been recently occupied, under a similar deed of regal gift, by Prof. Oersted's great friend and kinsman, the late Prof. Oehlenschläger.

We have been watching with interest for the issue of the Fugitive Slave Bill, recently enacted in the United States:—and have been amused and instructed by the reports brought over by the last mail of the first attempt at its application in Boston. That the Puritans of New England would assist in outraging humanity by giving back to slavery the man or woman who had fled to them for protection, we had no suspicion; but we feared—as did most persons living at a distance—that Government would be compelled to execute the law, and that collisions, ending in confusion, bloodshed, and unappeasable exasperation between the north and the south, would ensue. The slave-hunters have, however, been foiled by their own weapons:—and

the history of the "doublings" which they have had to encounter gives a dignity to the incidents of farce.—Knight and Hughes—men of a race peculiar to America, who buy runaway slaves at certain speculators in England buy bad debts, at low prices, undertaking the risks and costs of recovery—appeared in Boston in chase of a man named Crafts and his wife, alleged to be fugitive slaves. As the new law compels the State to give them up,—a Vigilance Society, established for the protection of persons so circumstanced, laid a plan of action to defeat the body-discounters. First, they advised Crafts and his wife to fight it out,—procuring the assistance of two or three hundred free blacks in case of necessity. A number of lawyers in the city, however, helped them to improve on this plan—and take a more pacific course. They undertook to bring the new law into successful conflict with older laws. Crafts was desired to remove his bed into his workshop, so as to constitute that his "castle":—and notice was served on the local commissioner appointed to adjudicate under the bill, that his attempt to do so in this case would be followed by process against himself on the ground of an unconstitutional appointment. The marshal received notice that if he broke open the door of Crafts's "castle," for the purpose of arresting him, he would be proceeded against on the ground that the process was of a civil, not a criminal, nature. These combustibles duly laid,—the train was next conducted by a variety of lines against the southern hunters themselves. Early on the morning of their arrival, they were served with notice of an action for slander at the suit of Crafts,—and obliged to find bail to appear in defence. Later on the same day, that first difficulty having been got over, they were served with a similar notice at the suit of his wife; and again had to run about in search of bail,—rendered more difficult by the now increasing feeling of the public. Thus passed the first day:—the interest of the game deepening with every move. Next morning the sport was early up. A crowd of persons gathered in the street; and when the gig of the slave-chasers came out, they had reason to be dissatisfied with the warmth of their reception. To escape annoyance, they drove rapidly across one of the bridges leading into the suburb of Cambridge,—forgetting in their hurry to pay the toll. At night they shrank back to their hotel; and were beginning to cool themselves in its shelter, when an officer entered with a summons to them to answer a charge of evading the toll. He was followed by another, with a summons to meet a complaint of furious driving. By this time the town had entered thoroughly into the fun,—and the negroes began to feel confidence that the lawyers would win the game. Our hunters grew cautious, as they thought; and as their gig had brought them many disasters, next day they waived its dignity,—and, lighting their cigars, sauntered arm-in-arm to the police court, to answer the charges against them and pay their fines. On their way they were met by a policeman, who took them into custody for smoking in the streets, contrary to the city regulations,—and carried them before the mayor. That dignitary detained them some hours,—and then inflicted the largest fine which the law allowed. Leaving the court to return to dinner, the unlucky men abused the mayor, the city regulations, and the good folks of Boston with piteous oaths:—greatly to the amusement of a long train of followers, black and white, ragged and respectable, who waited on their progress. The evils of the day were not over. While drinking hot punch and speculating on the wisdom of retreat, an officer of police served them with a summons to answer, next morning, a charge of profane swearing in the public streets. This "broke the camel's back." The profits on their venture were already gone in fines and costs. So, they packed up their luggage; and the night train carried them across the borders of New England,—Crafts and his wife being left in the undisputed sovereignty of their "castle."—Out of an incident that threatened to end tragically the demure Bostonians have extracted, as we have said, a bit of excellent farce. The disappearance of the "first and second villains" brought the drama to a premature conclusion:—had they survived

these last two summonses, the lawyers would have raised several questions got up to give the law a previous possession of the slave himself,—prosecutions for debt, for having arms in his house, and so forth,—to raise, in fact, the point of precedence on behalf of the State criminal law against the law of delivery and extradition, and to exhaust the patience and purse of the slave-hunters. Whether or not such an experiment, if commonly followed, could be made to take out the sting from the Fugitive Slave Bill,—it is clear that it would destroy the abominable system of middlemen—ruin the speculators in run-away slaves. The incidents narrated are a new proof that no law can be executed against which the moral sense of the community is thoroughly aroused:—and altogether the affair affords another curious illustration of American life and manners.

EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN at the Gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, No. 3, Pall Mall East.—Open from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

SAMUEL STEFNEY, Sec.

EGYPT, NUBIA, AND ETHIOPIA.—THE GREAT MOVING PANORAMA of the Nile displays the scenery of these interesting countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, presenting to the spectator the River and the Desert, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the granitic River of Antiquity, and the most exciting objects that allure the traveller. **EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.**—Daily, at Three and Eight.—Admission reduced to 6d.; Pitt, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL-DIORAMA.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—A Gigantic MOVING DIORAMA of the ROUTE of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz.—Southernmost DOCKS, Isle of Wight, Osborne, the Needles, the Bay of Biscay, the Berlingas, Cintra, the Tagus, Cape Trafalgar, Tarifa, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, the Desert of Suze, the Central Station, Suze, Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta.—is NOW OPEN DAILY.—Mornings at Twelve, Afternoons at Three, and Evenings at Eight.—Admission, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 3s. Doors open half an hour before each representation.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY, 315, Regent Street, Langham Place, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, will OPEN on MONDAY, the 9th of DECEMBER, 1850, with a GRAND MOVING DIORAMA, in which the spectator is taken through India, from the point at which the Diorama of the Overland Route terminates; commencing with a complete Panorama of the City of Calcutta as seen from the summit of the Ochterlony Monument, thence to the great seat of idolatry and superstition, Juggernaut, with the Procession of the Cars, the Games, the Sacred City of Benares, Chunar, and Allahabad, the Magnificent Palace of Agra, and the Taj Mahal. The entire Diorama invented and painted by Mr. T. C. DIXON, from Sketches by J. FRANCESCON, Esq., made on the spot during his residence in India.—Doors to open at Half-past Two and Half-past Seven p.m. The Overture to commence at Three and Eight p.m.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved seats, 2s. 6d.

THE ROMAN PAVEMENT representing BELLEROPHON and the CHIMERA.—This splendid specimen of ancient art, which has excited the admiration of every person who has visited the Exhibition, and is about being disposed of by sale, will remain on view only a few days longer, at No. 11, Pall Mall, East.—Open from Ten till Five, Admission 1s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

LECTURE ON THE BALLAD MUSIC OF ENGLAND. by Mr. George Barker, illustrated by the LAYS of the FORESTERS or SONGS of ROBIN HOOD, every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock.—**LECTURE ON THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.** by Dr. Bachmayer.—**LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY** by J. H. Pepper, Esq., illustrating the ANCIENT FIELD ORDEAL and the HANDLING of RED-HOT METALS.—**MODEL OF WESTWALL.**—NEW-AUTOMATIC RAILWAY at work daily.—**DISSOLVING VIEWS,** illustrating some of the WONDERS of NATURE, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evenings at a Quarter to Ten; also a series, exhibiting SCENES in the ARCTIC REGIONS and CEYLON, daily at One o'clock.—**DIVER and DIVING BELL.** &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.—Open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock, and every Evening (EXCEPT SATURDAY) from Seven till Half-past Ten.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Sir C. Lyell, President, in the chair.—The following communications were read.—‘Notice of the Occurrence of an Earthquake at Brusa.’—On the night of the 19th of April, 1850, at half-past eleven, P.M., a shock of considerable violence occurred at Brusa, Anatolia, lasting from eight to ten seconds. The oscillation seemed to proceed from south or south-west. This was followed by two other shocks during the night, and by four others at intervals up to the 21st, all comparatively slight. The same earthquakes were felt throughout the country as far as Kiutahiyah, particularly at Muhaltich, at Lubat, on the Lake Apollonia, and at Kirmasli, on the south side of the lake; at which latter place there was a temporary gush of water and sand from an opening in the earth. It was noticed that the strongest shocks followed shortly after heavy storms of hail; and also that at Tehekerghé a momentary stoppage of the mineral streams accompanied the earthquake.

‘On the Drift of a Part of Kent,’ by J. Trimmer, Esq.

‘On the Drift of Norfolk,’ by J. Trimmer, Esq.
‘On the Linkfield Quarry, Elgin,’ by Capt. L. Brickenden.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair.—At the first meeting of the season the Rev. T. Corser was elected a member; and the certificates of Mr. Ford, Mr. R. Cole, and several other candidates were ordered to be suspended.—Some fifty volumes were added to the library by gifts from various donors; but now that the funds of the Society are flourishing, and that the books (by a decision of the Council last year) have been rendered circulateable (if we may use the word) we recommend that one or two hundred pounds should be expended in filling up obvious and notorious deficiencies. Some of the best works at this time are to be bought at the cheapest prices.—The museum of the Society is enlarging by presents of curiosities of different kinds; and Mr. Blades has just sent a tryptic of Byzantine Art, which contains several remarkable features and represents the Virgin with the Saviour in her arms, supported by the Archangels Michael and Gabriel. Another member sent a gift of a remarkable brass seal which had been used by an ecclesiastical body in the fifteenth century. It was well executed—and the impression as sharp as if it had been cut yesterday. Among the more important exhibitions was a portrait in ivory (a good specimen, but not quite as old as the time) of Sir John Hawkins, the navigator;—whose history was illustrated by several papers by Capt. Smyth, R.N., and others, last season. Mr. Ouvry was the medium of conveying fourteen Roman silver coins, of various dates to the time of Domitian, which had been dug up, with many others, by the workmen on the railway not far from East Retford. These would afford a useful though comparatively small addition to the recent gift of the Rev. Mr. Kerrich, of about 1,500 Roman and Greek coins, some of them of high value and rarity.—Mr. Akerman read a paper on the subterranean apartments lately discovered near Aylesbury, which resembled others, in the Isle of Thanet and in Hertfordshire. They usually consist of a deep shaft of narrow dimensions, leading down, by steps cut into the side, into a round—or sometimes a square—apartment of large dimensions. The question is, to what purpose were these apartments applied? They are both of Roman and Teutonic formation; and Mr. Akerman argued, from the contents of some of them, and from the corresponding representations in more than one Italian work, that they had been used for sepulchres. He mentioned the exhumation of urns and fragments of urns, and other pottery, in support of his theory.—Mr. Wright expressed his dissent from any such notion; establishing himself chiefly on the fact that pits or wells of the kind had frequently been discovered in London, Winchester, and other places, filled with nothing but ancient rubbish. The fact may be that both gentlemen are right; for Mr. Akerman did not, we apprehend, allude to the small wells or pits possessing no peculiarity of structure,—but to large and long shafts constructed with peculiar care and leading into wide receptacles, with walls obviously built for the reception of cinerary remains after cremation.—At the conclusion of the discussion, the President invited communications from gentlemen well qualified to illustrate the subject.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Mr. Jordan in the chair.—Mr. Birch read a paper entitled ‘Notes upon an Egyptian Inscription in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris.’ The inscription referred to—an impression from which was suspended in the meeting room—is chiselled on a tablet or stele of the usual shape with a round; which was removed in the year 1846, by M. Prisse, from a temple at Karnak dedicated to the god *Chous*—a personification of the Moon—to Paris, and by him presented to the National Library. The tablet is divided into two portions,—a picture and explanatory text. In the upper part is the well-known symbol representing the morning sun, the solar orb ornamented with an ureus serpent and having a pair of wings. Below are represented two scenes:

in the first the monarch is seen addressing the ark of the god *Chous* under the form of a *naos*, or shrine, borne on the shoulders of twelve priests,—their number being that of the months through which *Chous*, as the Moon, revolved. The other scene, reversed to this, represents another ark borne by four priests, and met by the priest of *Chous*. The reading of the premonition of the king appears to point him out as one of the later monarchs of the Twentieth Dynasty,—perhaps Rameses the Fourteenth. The object of these scenes is explained in the inscription below; and it was the writer’s chief purpose in this paper to give a translation of the inscription, with a commentary on such parts as are difficult or novel. The tablet commences, as usual, with the pompous titles of the monarch. He is first described as being ‘in Nehar’ collecting the yearly revenue from the ‘chiefs of many lands.’ Again, when in the Thebaid, an envoy of Bakhten comes to him, bringing numerous presents for the queen, who was a princess of that country,—and entreating the king’s good offices on behalf of the queen’s sister, *Ben-teresh*, described as under the influence of spirits, or possessed by a devil. The king solicits the god *Chous* to permit himself to be sent to Bakhten ‘to rescue the daughter of the chief of the Bakhten.’ The god *Chous* is of a dual nature; after a colloquy between the two their assent is obtained, ‘that *Chous* who contends for the Thebaid’ should go. The chief of the Bakhten meets him as he approaches his land, and worships him. The god then proceeds to the place in which *Ben-teresh* is, makes a circuit round her, and touches her on the arm. The spirit salutes him, and departs. The chief of the Bakhten, grateful for the cure, entreats the god to sojourn for a season in his country: he remains three years and four months and five days, after which the chief dismisses him in peace with very rich offerings to return to *Kami* (Egypt): ‘and that god *Chous*, the contender for the Thebaid,’ deposited all ‘the numerous offerings which the chief of the Bakhten had given him in the temple of *Chous* in the Thebaid, Neferhetp.’ It is obvious that much light is thrown by this tablet on the history of the religious notions of the Egyptians. Besides confirming some other points not unknown before, it supplies the following quite new facts:—the sending of the gods in their arks (*sakat* or *mat*) to distant lands,—the dualistic nature of the lunar god *Chous*,—the fact, several times referred to, of the god being in the form of a hawk of gold. The recovery of the princess is also remarkable, and explains that many other similar scenes, in which the shrines of the gods are seen brought forth, allude to particular events, and not to mere acts of religious homage.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Mr. R. H. Solly, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Strickland ‘On the Birds of Kordofan’ was read. It enumerated 112 species which had been collected by Mr. Petherick; and of which three were altogether new, and several not previously enumerated as natives of North-east Africa. Mr. Strickland also distinguished those species which are common to West Africa, determined principally by reference to Dr. Hartlaub’s valuable list of West African birds in the ‘Verzeichniss der öffentlichen u. privat. Vorlesungen am Hamburgischen Gymnasium.’—Mr. Gray read a synopsis of the species of deer, including the description of a new species of *Caracus* from California, presented to the Society by Lieut. Jones, R.N., and now living in their menagerie. The most interesting portion of the paper had reference to the Brockets of South America; of which two species are now living in the menagerie, and three or four at Knowsley. These species were illustrated by drawings from life, which had been executed for the Earl of Derby by Mr. Wolf.—Mr. Gaskoin communicated an account of suspended animation, during four years at least, in a specimen of *Helix lactea* now living in his possession. A remarkable feature in this case is, the fact that utero-gestation was suspended, and resumed its process with the resumption of vitality.—Mr. L. Fraser communicated descriptions of five species of undescribed birds in the collection of the Earl of Derby. The most com-

gious of them is a beautiful species of Curassow, now living at Knowsley, which was acquired during the present year. Mr. Fraser gives to this bird the name of *Craz Alberti*: having on a previous occasion dedicated a fine species of Crowned Pigeon to Her Majesty under the name of *Goura Victoria*.—The next paper read was, 'An Account of Fishes discovered or observed in Madeira since the year 1842,' by the Rev. R. T. Lowe. The number of species enumerated is eighteen;—of which it will be sufficient to mention a new type of Murenidae, obtained by H.I.H. the Duc de Leuchtenberg during his late residence in Madeira. It is described under the name of *Septorhynchus Leuchtenbergi*.—Dr. Hartlaub communicated a figure and some account of *Turdus vulgaris*, described by him in the 'Revue et Magazin de Zoologie' in 1849. The only known example of this bird exists in the Museum at Hamburg.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—H. T. Hope, Esq. in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Mechi,—who propounded his views on the backward state of our agriculture as compared with other branches of our industry, and on the progress of which it is susceptible by the employment of capital in higher cultivation and more careful farming of stock,—as illustrated by his own operations at Tipple Hall. This farm has very lately been valued by three eminent surveyors, who have fixed his rent at 43s. per acre,—the land in its original state having been worth only 12s. Mr. Mechi, however, admitted that he had yet to prove whether at that rental and with present prices he could return a profit on his tenant capital. But his balance-sheet, whether for good or for evil, would be punctually published on the 30th of next October,—when it would be either an example to follow or a beacon to avoid. One of the main obstructions to improvement in agriculture was, in his opinion, the monstrous and intolerable nuisance of the existing mode of transfer. The same principle should be applied to land as to the funds. A public registry office, with district maps, would at once obviate the difficulty. Land would then change hands twenty times for once now,—and have a proportionally increased chance of improvement. In alluding to the progress which must take place, Mr. Mechi said,—“A painful question is often asked—What is to become of the poor farmer? I reply, what has become of the poor hand-loom weaver,—of the four-horse coach proprietor,—of the road-side innkeeper,—of the Gravesend sailing boats,—of the hackney coaches? Even the poor old watchmen, who called the hours all night and cleaned boots and shoes half the day, have given way to the able, active, and efficient new police. These are days of movement and progression,—and agriculture cannot withstand the common fate. The poor farmer and poor landlord who are in a wrong position will necessarily make way for more useful members of society. It is a painful but a national necessity.” Mr. Mechi illustrated his account of his own methods of feeding stock by a model of his calf and pig house; which is roofed and closed in, with provisions for warming and ventilating,—the animals standing, not on straw, but on boarded floors, pierced to let the manure through. A curious fact was mentioned,—that flies, however numerous they may be, will not bite in the dark. Hence, Mr. Mechi, by darkening his feeding-house, removes a great obstruction to the fattening of his cattle.—At the close of the paper, the Chairman announced that Messrs. Fox & Henderson have invited the members of the Society to hold a meeting in the Great Exhibition Building, at noon on the 31st of December,—the day before it is given up to the Royal Commissioners; and that the Council have accepted their offer and made arrangements for a paper on the scientific construction of the building to be read on the occasion.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Max. Royal Academy, 8.—Mr. Green 'On Anatomy.'
 Entomological, 8.
 Chemical, 8.
 British Architects, 8.
 Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of the Royal Border Bridge over the river Tweed, at Berwick, on the line of York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway,' by G. R. Bruce.
 Linnean, 8.
 Horticultural, 2.
 Pathological, 8.

- Wed. Society of Arts, 8.—Annual Meeting.
 Geological, half-past 8.—'On the Geology of the Upper Punjaub and Peshawar,' by Major Vicary, E.L.C.S.—'On the Silurian Rocks and Graptolites of Bunfries-shire,' by R. Harkness, Esq.—'Report on the Coal Mines near Enniscorthy.'
 Thurs. Royal, half-past 8.
 Antiquaries, 8.
 Zoological, 3.—General Business.
 Medical, 8.—Meeting of Council.
 Archæological Institute, 4.
 Sat. Asiatic, 2.
 Medical, 2.

ALBUMINIZING OF PHOTOGENIC GLASSES.

We have received from Dr. Maunoir a translation, made at the request of M. Scarpellini—the President of a Society having its meetings on the Capitol, called *Romana Corrispondenza Scientifica*,—of a paper published in the Society's Journal by M. Luigi Ceselli, on a new process for "albuminizing photogenic glasses." It appears to point out a method by which extreme uniformity in the thickness of the film may be obtained;—and we print it from Dr. Maunoir's manuscript, with a few verbal alterations where there appears to be a want of clearness, arising from the difficulty which a foreigner writing in English must necessarily experience when not thoroughly familiarized with the idiom of the language.

It cannot be denied that photography has gained much by the substitution of glass for photogenic paper; as thus has been obtained a high degree of transparency of the plates for the process, a modification of that applied by Daguerre to the grand discovery of the celebrated Neapolitan, Gio. Batt. Porta, which discovery remained forgotten for nearly two centuries. Many difficulties, however, still existed; for, with the use of glass, a layer of albumen was necessary to the production of those wonderful results obtained by the rays of light. Again, to cover the glass with a layer of albumen of equal thickness, so that the light may produce everywhere the same effect, to prevent any inequalities forming on the surface during the drying process, to produce the layer at one stroke,—such were the difficulties which, notwithstanding repeated experiments, yet remained to be overcome and had retarded the progress of this wonderful new method,—but which, it seemed to M. L. Ceselli, did not deserve to be abandoned, as it had, to be replaced by the improvements obtained with photogenic paper.

After having studied the various processes in use, M. L. Ceselli invented a small simple machine, which he has found to obviate every difficulty.

It consists of a small rectangular box, supported by three regulating screws. To its base is joined a moveable plate of metal, which, being heated by means of a lamp of alcohol, communicates to all the parts of the box an equal degree of heat. The plate is removed when the water-bath is to be used instead of the lamp. The apparatus is protected by a glass covering, to guard against heterogeneous bodies falling on the albumen. This cover is also moveable; and the box being traversed by an internal channel, in this, when convenient, a thermometer may be introduced. A sliding frame receives the glass which is to receive the preparation; this, again, being placed between two other plates of glass. The glasses are secured and their edges brought to correspond by means of a tightening screw,—so that the albumen, when either spreading or shrinking, may always cover the whole surface of the intermedial plate of glass. The frame is furnished on two parallel sides with a small groove to receive the albumen,—which a small round edged knife, elevated to the proper point by means of two spiral pivots cased in the sides of the box, and kept down in a parallel direction to the glass by means of a screw, serves to remove, producing by this means the exact thickness of layer which is required. The frame is furnished along one of its sides with an indented ridge, to which a wheel provided with an external handle corresponds, so that the frame can be made to move with such velocity as the operation may require.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—We had thought that the statement made by Lord Ashley in the House of Commons as to the value of the products from peat had been sufficiently confuted. In the City article

of the *Times* we find a statement, however, from which we extract the following.—

It now appears that Mr. Owen, whose course from the first was in no way inconsistent with Lord Ashley's testimony respecting him, has been for the past year and a half quietly engaged in testing the merits of the process to an extent that would properly authorize a definitive estimate of its results. These labours have been carried on partly under the superintendence of Dr. Hodges, the Professor of Agriculture in Queen's College, Belfast, and partly in the neighbourhood of London, at the premises of Messrs. Coffey & Sons, the engineers, and the conclusions now represented to have been arrived at are of an exceedingly satisfactory nature. They do not promise the 500 per cent. originally talked of; but, according to a certified estimate rendered by Messrs. Coffey, they show a profit of upwards of 100 per cent. This estimate, which is framed for an establishment consuming 36,500 tons of peat per annum, is as follows:—

Expenditure.	
36,500 tons of peat at 2s. per ton	£3,650
455 tons of sulphuric acid at 7d.	3,185
Wear and tear of apparatus, &c.	700
Wages, labour, &c.	2,000
Cost of sending to market and other incidental charges 2,182	
Profit	11,908
	£23,625
Produce.	
365 tons of sulphate of ammonia at 12s. per ton ..	£4,380
255 tons of acetate of lime at 14d.	3,570
100,000 gallons of naphtha at 5s.	4,750
109,500 pounds of paraffine at 1s.	5,475
73,000 gallons of volatile oil at 1s.	3,650
36,000 gallons of fixed oil at 1s.	1,900
	£23,625

This is but a repetition of the original statement; and we at once detect in the estimate many fallacious particulars,—unless the experience of Sir Robert Kane, as given in his 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' be valueless. We have, besides, the experiments made by the Dartmoor Company, on a large scale, at the loss of many thousand pounds, giving their admortory lesson, in reply to this very loose estimate made by Messrs. Coffey. We wish these results may be realized,—but we have no hope of anything so satisfactory.

The Electric Light again claims our attention. We are informed that "an experiment was recently made in the chemical lecture-room of the Polytechnic Institution, in the presence of a select party of scientific persons, to test the power of the voltaic light for which Mr. Allman has obtained patents, and to prove that the light could be kept up continuously. The result, as far as the experiment went, was satisfactory;—the light continuing without intermission to diffuse the most brilliant rays for several hours. This is considered a great advance in electric lighting, as in former experiments the spark has been intermittent and flickering. It was stated that the expense of lights of this class would be less than the expense of gas, even at the reduced rate; and that in the event of the invention being brought into general use its expense would be greatly diminished. The brilliancy was of extreme intensity."—We have reason to believe that Mr. Allman's light was more steady than that of Messrs. Staite & Petrie; but the cost is a question which has never yet been fairly met. The best way of meeting the assertion that the light can be produced at a less cost than gas, is to fix the patentees to lighting the Parks during next year for a sum under that at which it would be most readily done by any of the gas companies.

It is stated, apparently on good authority, that a French chemist, M. Chaudron-Junot, of Bussy, has succeeded in reducing to the metallic state, by exceedingly easy means, a great many bodies which have not hitherto been seen in that condition. He classifies his substances in two series:—the first comprehending silicium, tantalum, titanium, chromium, tungsten, molybdenum and uranium,—the second embraces magnesium, aluminum and barium. The metals in the first series are completely inoxidizable, and perfectly resist the action of strong acids; and some of them are not affected by even the nitromuriatic acid, which it is well known dissolves even gold and silver. It is expected that these will replace platinum in many of its applications,—their cost, it is stated, being 30 per cent. less than the cost of that metal. The second series are not affected by a dry or moist atmosphere, though they are acted on by acids; and it is proposed to apply them to many purposes of ornamentation for which silver is now employed. These metals are all

white,—the degree of whiteness and brilliancy varying from that of platinum to that of the purest silver. The reduction of silicium is said to be beautifully perfect; and we are told that the Minister of Commerce has taken the most lively interest in the progress of M. Chaudron-Junot's discoveries. We give the above statement, since it is published apparently in good faith; but we shall not be surprised to find that the discoverer and the Minister have allowed themselves to be deceived.

Saunders's News Letter reports that two interesting additions have been made to the Irish Fauna by Dr. Farran, during his recent researches on the south coast of the Sister Island. One of them, it is said, is the red band fish, or red snake fish (*Cehola rubescens*). Its colour is of a fine red rose, bands of a darker hue encircling it, and giving it the appearance of a snake. It is of frequent occurrence on the Cornish coast; but hitherto it has not been seen in Ireland, where it is now discovered that it inhabits the submarine forests of sea weed, particularly the laminaria, which grow in great abundance and luxuriance about a mile from shore and in four or five fathoms of water. Here it resides in perfect safety from its enemies, constantly gliding through this entangled mass, but never leaving it for the open sea:—hence, in all probability, its rare occurrence. It is found on the beach only after a severe gale, and has never been known to take the bait. Its length is about sixteen inches.—The other novelty is the *Pholas payracca*, a shell unrivalled in beauty and singularity of structure. This shell, though never heretofore found in Ireland, is tolerably abundant in Devonshire,—and typifies a peculiar deposit, the red marl, in that county. Dr. Farran discovered it in a position and formation greatly at variance with its English habitat,—that is, in a submerged bog, directly under his house at Clonea, near Dungarvan,—and in company with three other *Pholade*.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The success which has attended the Panorama of the Nile has, we believe, induced its proprietors greatly to extend the scale of their exhibition. Artists, we are given to understand, have been employed to assemble into one great moving picture all the features, illustrative both of Scripture and of modern events, which can help to bring Syria and Palestine home to those who visit distant lands by means of the omnibus that runs to Piccadilly.—A very valuable feature of education, as we have before said, are these dioramic shows.

The ancient little church of Penally, near Tenby, being in the restorer's hands,—a discovery was made in it a few days ago that the interior walls have once been painted in a curious star-shaped-fashion; and on removing several coats of plaster, ancient paintings in oil of figures clad in ring mail armour were found depicted on the walls. They were in complete preservation, and appeared to be of the twelfth or thirteenth century. It was further found that two pieces of sculptured stone, discovered in the inside of the building, formed part of a handsome, though mutilated, shaft of a cross now standing in the churchyard. The inscription on the stone was perfectly legible:—and copies of it and of the mural paintings have been made for the examination of antiquaries.

The *Literary World* of New York tells us that "Powers's statue of Calhoun, after lying three months under water, has been recovered and is found to have sustained no material damage. * * The statue had been driven by the action of the sea some fifty feet from the place where it was originally found,—and, with the sand which had filled the box, weighed some five tons when it was brought to the surface.—The only injury which can be discovered is, a fracture on the right arm of the figure. A portion of that arm is gone; but it is not a prominent part of the statue,—being partially veiled by drapery,—and can be readily repaired without at all detracting from the beauty of the work. The delicate portions of the sculpture are quite uninjured, and the gilt letters on the scroll are still perfect. There is no discoloration, such as was apprehended might take place from

the action of the salt water on the iron fastenings of the case."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Andante, with Variations; composed for two performers on the *Piano-forte*. By Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Op. 83, Posth. Works, No. 11.—We have already spoken of this *Andante* [ante, p. 745] in its original form, as composed for one performer. It was, however, composed by Mendelssohn himself, as a duet also, with many additions, amplifications, and changes,—and as here given to the world of pianoforte players, is unquestionably the most valuable and interesting composition for four hands published during many years past. Without being extravagantly difficult, it is interesting; without the slightest meretricious prettiness, it is legitimately brilliant:—vide what may be called the *solo* variations No. 3 and No. 4, which are made to succeed each other on the old-fashioned plan of similarity, rather than on the modern notion of effect, which is contrast. If we examine the "changes" devised by Handel on some of his simple themes (works much easier to despise than to emulate, it may be added,) it will be found that the ear is to be enticed onward by one variation resembling the preceding one, with some touches of figurative difference or some slight added difficulty. Continuity (nay, drive it to its extreme expression, and let us at once say, monotony) has its picturesque as well as variety and surprise. Thus eyes which can really enjoy Nature can appreciate the flats of a Schevelingen sand as well as the spires of an Ortelor Spitz or the dome-like grandeur of a Monte Rosa. Without pushing this principle into pedantic lengths, it is only by admitting it genially and liberally that we can love as they deserve both ancients and moderns. In his compositions for keyed instruments Mendelssohn's taste warned him from the romantic school:—but this owned, his writings will be found dry by those only who are themselves dry of sympathy for all save a few inventors and melodists elect. In any event this *Andante* is available alike for concert and for chamber performance.

Solo (Adagio et Allegro Agitato), pour le Violoncelle, avec accompagnement d'Orchestre ou de Piano. Par E. Silas.—Those who have studied the growth of invention—which in Music at least grows, and does not spring out at once into vigorous life and power after the fashion of Minerva—will understand us when we say, that though M. Silas cannot, for the moment, be called strictly original, we think that he exhibits signs of becoming so:—giving evidences of that wish to adventure in new forms which, when aided by such sound scientific training as his obviously has been, can hardly fail on some future day to work itself out into shapes no less interesting than individual. There is a tincture of the last of the great German composers in this *Solo*,—but this always must, and perhaps should, be the case with young and untried writers:—while, on the other hand, we find in it a largeness of outline, a freedom of hand, and a consistency of plan which augur well for the future.—Though this piece has not, of course, the divided interest which belongs to a *Concertante Sonata* for the two instruments,—as an agreeable, yet not flimsy, addition to the violoncellist's stock it is valuable and welcome.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.—*Spohr's 'Seasons.'*—The slack way in which Dr. Spohr's new composition was disposed of by Mr. Balfe prevents our doing much more than stating that it consists of four movements. The first, 'Winter,' is an *allegro* in B or C minor, based upon a phrase more usually brief and conventional. The *minuetto*, 'Spring,' is a pleasing *andante* in C major, with a good deal of pastoral grace in its subject,—the *trio* appearing to want contrast. The *andante*, 'Summer,' also begins agreeably on a *cantabile* theme with the violins united. But no conducting (we think it may be said) could make the after-part of this movement interesting:—the writer having been apparently in his very driest humour when he was

completing it. The 'Autumn' finale is meant, we apprehend, to picture chase and vintage;—since the well-known *Rheinwein-tied* of Schulz, used in a triple time, is taken as second subject.—The Symphony did not produce the slightest effect:—perhaps because it was rendered with such utter indifference. But we fear that the best endeavours could not make us think it one of Dr. Spohr's happier works.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES.—These are among the most interesting meetings for chamber-music given in London or elsewhere:—Miss Dolby showing an enterprise in presenting new music which corporate bodies of greater resources and pretensions might do well to emulate. At her second *Soirée* was performed a *Piano-forte Trio* by M. Silas, of which report speaks so highly that we are pretty sure to have an early opportunity of speaking of it elsewhere. Another novelty introduced was, a very fine setting of some words from Tennyson's 'Enone' in the form of a *Cantata*, by Miss Laura Earl. This would be a remarkably impassioned composition, whoever had written it. It commences with a recitative and a grand *cantabile*,—closing with an *agitato* brilliantly accompanied. The leading phrase of this *stretto* might perhaps be reconsidered for the purpose of adding force and feature to the passage; but the working up of the movement is forcible, brilliant, exciting and unborowed. The *Cantata* was given by Miss Dolby in her best manner,—and was received as it deserved.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday Mr. Macready acted 'Werner.' His peculiar aptitude for this character is—as our readers know too well to need any repetition on our part—remarkable. His performance is perhaps the most masterly thing that the modern stage can show. Whoever has not already seen Mr. Macready's 'Werner,' should take care that the last chance does not escape him unemployed.—After all, there is a melancholy interest about these farewell performances, on which we do not love to dwell.—Mr. Davenport's *Utric* was an able interpretation of a difficult part.—For next Monday 'Richard the Second' is announced:—which, as a comparative novelty, will require especial notice.

MARYLEBONE.—This theatre re-opened on Thursday week, under the management of Mr. Stammers. Mrs. Nisbett and several members of her family are engaged.—They appeared on the first night in 'The Hunchback.' Mrs. Nisbett performed *Helen* to Miss J. Mordaunt's *Julia*.—On Monday, 'London Assurance' was re-produced, with a similar cast. Mrs. Nisbett's *Lady Gay Spanker* was sustained with her usual spirit. The house was respectfully attended.

SURREY.—The tragedy of 'Pizarro' was performed on Monday,—with a considerable amount of spectacle.

MR. MARSTON'S 'PHILIP AUGUSTUS AND MARIE DE MÉRANIE.'

We have been requested by Mr. Marston to give publicity to the facts which the following letter contains, in answer to a charge brought against his originality,—and his literary honesty, we may add,—by a correspondent of a contemporary publication.

"May I beg you, on my behalf, to insert a few words of reply to an article which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, charging me with having largely appropriated the incidents and dialogue of M. Ponsard's tragedy of 'Agnes de Méranie' in my own drama of 'Philip of France and Marie de Méranie,' now performing at the Olympic Theatre.

"I conclude that the accusation is sufficiently answered, when I say that my tragedy (including the passage on which the charge of plagiarism is founded) was completed and read to several friends—amongst others, to the distinguished artist who personates my heroine—two or three years before the production of M. Ponsard's work in 1846; and that I have never seen his play, and—except

for one short notice of it in an English journal—an entirely ignorant of its character.

"Having thus disproved the charge in question, I am still at a loss to know how the writer can think it sustained by such coincidences as he furnishes. It is gravely alleged against me that in a play founded upon the same subject as *M. Ponsard's*, and involving the same political and ecclesiastical struggles, I have introduced the same historical persons and events! But to waste an argument on such an imputation would be to lose sight of its futility and to be insensible to its humour.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"J. WESTLAND MARSTON."

"London, Nov. 26."

As we have twice dealt in our critical character with Mr. Marston's play, we are ourselves somewhat concerned, not with Mr. Marston's facts, but with the argument on which he touches to follow them. The facts stated by Mr. Marston are of course conclusive for his justification, in case there had been that sort of coincidence between the two productions in question which made it desirable to establish the point of non-privacy or raise that of priority. But Mr. Marston might perfectly well, had he been so disposed, have accepted the criminal article itself as his defence. This article—which is one of the most remarkable pieces of logical criticism that we happen to recollect—is good for the refutation of the very charge which it professes to maintain. Our readers may remember the dilemma in which Erskine is said to have placed himself once by mistaking the side on which he was engaged,—and delivering a powerful argument for the plaintiff when the defendant was his client. The critic in the present case has borrowed a hint from the anecdote:—he has been good enough to disprove his own case,—and Mr. Marston's letter is a work of supererogation.

The general coincidences of which the critic speaks are of that kind which have given great celebrity to the logic of Fluellen. The M necessary to the spelling of Macedonia would be charged by this gentleman against Mr. Marston as a plagiarism if he should happen to spell Monmouth with it. The critic thinks it quite remarkable that of two plays on the subject of Philip Augustus and Marie de Méranie, the leading characters in both should be—Philip Augustus, Marie de Méranie, and a churchman. Many people will wonder who else they could have been.—Generally speaking, too, the correspondent in question seems much and painfully struck with the circumstance that both dramatists—Marston and Ponsard—have taken the real incidents of the story,—instead of something not in the story. This seems to him to be more than accident:—we fear he is right,—we strongly suspect design.—But the most crushing thing which this writer has against Mr. Marston or M. Ponsard,—as the case may be—is, that both have described in detail the penalties of the interdict:—the interdict and its terrors being, it should be observed, the agency on which the action turns. We suppose if fifty writers should separately choose the same theme, they must each, after his ability, deal with the argument of the interdict. We think this critic must be the ingenious gentleman of whom we have often heard,—and whom we have always desired to fall in with personally—who would have the tragedy of 'Hamlet' played with the part of *Hamlet* left out.—The allegation of particular coincidences is yet more curious. Passages from the two plays are produced in parallel columns, with the purpose of showing their close resemblance,—and the effect of showing that they have scarcely any at all:—the general resemblance (which makes this escape from particular resemblance more striking) being excepted and allowed for.

On the face, then, of the letter to which Mr. Marston replies, we find, as we have said, a conclusion quite different from that which the writer draws.—Mr. Marston having shown that his play was written first,—we are of opinion that even if M. Ponsard by any accident got a glimpse of it before he wrote his own, there is no ground for charging him with any act of plagiarism from Mr. Marston.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — A partly musical, partly duo-dramatic entertainment, by *Madame Anna Thillon* and *Mr. Hudson* was given on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms. The object of this was evidently to exhibit the Lady (a worthy mate being provided for her) in the largest number of dainty costumes and pleasing ballads possible.—This said, the "gentle reader" will excuse an analysis of *Mrs. Colonel Fitzsymthe's* proceedings in Act the first, or of *Mr. Rackstraw's* fairy visitants in Act the second.—Unless such entertainments be contrived with the utmost lightness of hand, they are apt to become rather dull.—In this, we had too many new facts and old jokes combined,—as though the authors had alternately dipped into the twentieth edition of *Pinnock*, and into the stereotyped *Joe Miller*; and the essential want of drollery seemed to "sit heavy on the soul" of Mr. Hudson in spite of his best endeavours.—The comedy of the very pretty Lady with whom he is associated lies in her smile, and her ringlets, and her *toilette*. She is unapt at repartee: and too conscious of an intuition to surprise her audience by some *improvisé fait à loisir*, but "looking as good as new." She was dressed, however, in her best: and sang with her utmost care a good deal of various music. Some of the English songs, we believe, may be ascribed to Mr. E. Loder (who officiated as accompanist)—by their elegance and neatness of hand proving themselves worthy of their patronage: but the general feeling in the room was, that the special powers of the two artists—and in consequence the general public—had not been thoroughly hit, in the new entertainment. It was courteously rather than enthusiastically received.

During a recent visit to Liverpool, signs of active musical life, in addition to those not long since chronicled, presented themselves: furnishing matter for the notice and sympathy of all who do not think that the health and prosperity of Art are promoted by centralization. Well-merited praise has been given by us to the Philharmonic Society, with its excellent chorus and creditable orchestra, and its willingness to award a hearing to new composers.—During the coming winter, some music by M. Baetens, another of those young gentlemen from Holland who seem resolved to break the apathetic silence of their country—will be performed. It is pleasant, too, to hear of a second Society—the *Società Armonica*—having an orchestra principally composed of amateurs,—as formed, and being in a flourishing condition. Some sixteen years ago there was no getting support in Liverpool for a subscription concert on a limited scale:—and the old Music Hall was therefore turned to other uses.

On St. Cecilia's Day, a new Mass, by M. Adolphe Adam, was performed in the church of St. Eustache, at Paris. These anniversaries, solemnities, and commissions are irritating. They remind us of treasuries locked up, of opportunities denied, in which, with our ample means, we English ought to take the lead. Is there no prevailing on the City Companies to do a little for the musician, when they do so much for the architect—so much for the carver and gilder,—so much for the modeller in gold and silver,—so much for the cook?—Can none of them be persuaded into seeing with what an air of taste and spirit their festivals would be invested if out of their vast expenditure they would save a few barons of beef—a few butts of wine—a few forks and spoons and napkins,—and spend such economies on a concert for the ladies, with their own composition and their own conductor! This is no new whimsy, or dream, or suggestion of ours, but one which we may propound again and again:—and we time the present repetition of the hint in accordance with the advancement of artistic ambition and fancy which was certainly intended (howsoever it was carried out) in the marshalling of the Lord Mayor's pageant.

'The Grand Duchess,' M. Flotow's new opera, is said to have had a great success at Berlin.—Madame Castellan appears to have pleased moderately there as *Lucia*.—Madame Fiorentini has not succeeded in Paris as *Norma*:—a matter which need not have been marked save for the resolute attempt made here to establish her success as bril-

liant,—and hence, all qualification as malicious and unjust. With time and energy, one so nobly endowed by nature ought to become a noble singer. — 'L'Enfant Prodiges' will probably be produced early in December:—'La Dame de Pique' about a week later.

The researches of M. Fétis in the perpetually stirred matter of Mozart's 'Requiem,' have not yielded much new certain information. It has long been no secret among the artists of Europe, that Madame Mozart seems to have cared little for the fame of her husband, in comparison with the money which could be made out of his manuscripts. We had already heard of her disposal of doubtful MSS.,—and of her having "made play" with the 'Requiem' story by vending the score of that Mass in different states to different purchasers. This proved and admitted—with Herr Süssmayer's contradictory confessions taken into account,—the question appears to us to take its place among those elastic puzzles with which the ingenious lovers of antiquarianism can occupy themselves to any extent:—and which are therefore certain from time to time to be called up for argument and rejoinder.

The history of *Jenny Lindolatri* will one day have to be written as a chapter in the history of Transatlantic manners—no less than of Art. It is here noticed merely with reference to the latter subject. How much musical appreciation has had to do in her case, is clearly shown on the confession of the American journals. These, now, willingly testify to the exaggeration of the excitement, and to the part taken by the journalists in kindling the Barnum bonfires. But the Prince of Iranistan waxed haughty, they say, on the strength of "the sounds himself had made," accusing the Press of venality. He was, accordingly, to be shown "what is what and who is who." This was not difficult: for, behold! at the very time when the press and Mr. Barnum became two, there arrived from the old world, at the instance of M. Maretzek the manager of the Italian Opera, Mdle. Parodi. An excitement was forthwith determined on. It was to be "steady but decided in its character." Mdle. Parodi was there and then fitted out with antecedents of the most attractive quality. Her biography was published:—in which it is told how "the venerable Pasta treasured the bright and priceless jewel committed to her keeping," how the people at Palermo "seemed to have gone mad for the beautiful *Cantatrice*." She is further recommended as a patriot of "the first water."—"La Parodi," says the journal before us, "gave all her sympathies to the cause of the struggling patriots; and so brilliantly did she distinguish herself during those terrific scenes, even her life would not have been safe an hour, but for the enthusiastic devotion of the men of Palermo, who would have piled the ground with hecatombs of brave bodies rather than see a hair fall from the head of so generous, gifted, and beautiful a being." We are further assured that, in London, Mdle. Parodi "carried the fashionable world by storm,"—cast over all her parts "the magical charm of an enchantment which even Grisi had failed to command"—that (mark this as a temptation for the New Yorkers!) "she became the pride of the aristocracy of England, and by general consent Europe accorded to her the vacant throne of Pasta!"—Well, we might have passed over the biography as a specimen of "pretty Fanny's way,"—we might have passed over the doves, and the bouquets, and the sonnets which were got up for her first appearance in *Norma*, as so many managerial devices.—But the following is the estimate of a critic on Mdle. Parodi's powers as an artist. He scruples not to express that her performance was followed by

The most perfect conviction on the part of every judge of high art, that Parodi is the greatest tragic vocalist of the day—and that her equal has never been known in this country. When she rises to the top of her compass, she executed her *thrills* without any ambitious attempt at ornament, and resorted to the most refined taste only in the vocal art. She resorted to no tricks. The consequence was, that she evoked the sublime, and impressed upon every one the unity of the composer's design, as well as the superiority of her own skill.

The italics are ours. Now, what is to be said of a case of enthusiasm and judgment such as this?—It cannot be needful to remind any reader, home

or foreign, that the *Athenæum* has never shared the frenzies of those who have exalted the Swedish Lady above all other vocalists past and contemporary. But, as a great singer, in a world where great singers have been, and as an actress skilled in a few characters, her claims ought to have protected her from such a possible rivalry as the American press seems desirous of establishing. It can be only the temptation of money that can make any artist present herself before a public where a Lind and a Parodi can be spoken of in the same paragraph.—The humiliating moral of the Swedish Lady's apotheosis has been very quick in arriving.

MISCELLANEA

Important Geological Discovery.—It will undoubtedly be interesting to geologists to learn that a most important discovery has just been made in that department of science, at Applecross, on the west coast of Scotland. A large mountain, called "Tore More," on being accidentally excavated the other day, presented a substratum of pure lime, within five feet of the surface; and on prosecuting the discovery by a further excavation, it was ascertained beyond a shadow of doubt that the whole mountain, except an average surface of twenty feet, consists of lime fit for the field or the mason, the result of organic heat. The hill appears to have been at one time a stupendous limestone rock, submitted to the influence of immense heat. On the summit are found traces of volcanic origin, such as charred and vitrified stone, lava, &c.—*Times*.

Monument at Düsseldorf.—The Court garden of that city has always been considered one of the finest specimens of ornamental gardening in Germany; consequently, some friends of the late founder and curator, M. Weyhe, have thought of erecting a monument to his memory. He is represented in a sitting position, reflecting on one of his plans. The Heilbronn grit of which the statue is made produces by the mild yellow hue of its colours a pleasant, marble-like appearance. The place where it stands, being a fine hill covered with dark pines, adds to the effect of the simple monument.—*Architect*.

The Gutta Percha Trade.—The history of gutta percha, or gatta ta au, as the learned tell us the best quality of the gum ought to be called, is brief but not uneventful. Previous to 1844, the very name of gutta percha was unknown to European commerce. In that year two cwt. of it was shipped experimentally from Singapore. The exportation of gutta percha from that port rose in 1845 to 169 piculs (the picul is 133½ lb.); in 1846, to 5,364; in 1847, to 9,296; and in the first seven months of 1848, to 6,768 piculs. In the first four and a half years of the trade, 21,598 piculs of gutta percha, valued at \$274,190, were shipped at Singapore, the whole of which were sent to England, with the exception of 15 piculs to Mauritius, 470 to the continent of Europe, and 922 to the United States. But this rapid growth of the new trade conveys only a faint idea of the commotion it created among the native inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. The jungles of the Johore were the scenes of the earliest gatherings, and they were soon ransacked in every direction by parties of Malays and Chinese, while the indigenous population gave themselves up to the search with a unanimity and zeal only to be equalled by that which made railway jobbers of every man, woman and child in England about the same time. The knowledge of the article stirring the avidity of gatherers, gradually spread from Singapore northward as far as Penang, southward along the east coast of Sumatra to Java, eastward to Borneo, where it was found at Brune, Sarawak and Pontianak on the west coast, at Keti and Passer on the east.—*Daily News*.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A Constant Subscriber—A Constant Reader—E. B.—S. S.—E. H. M.—J. F. W.—J. P.—Vindex—S. R. T.—Dr. J. B.—received.

J. M. J.—We cannot give our correspondent the information which he asks.

M. H. C.—Any friend wishing to ascertain the judgment of this journal on a musical artist no longer before the public has only to refer to the columns of the *Athenæum*. Without undertaking to answer the present inquiry, we may say without chance of disproval that no contradiction will be found there.

Erratum.—P. 1209, col. 3, l. 40, for "Truth" read *Furth*.

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